VOL. CCIX, No. 2730

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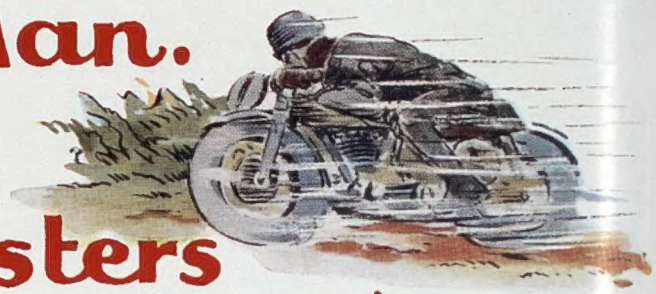

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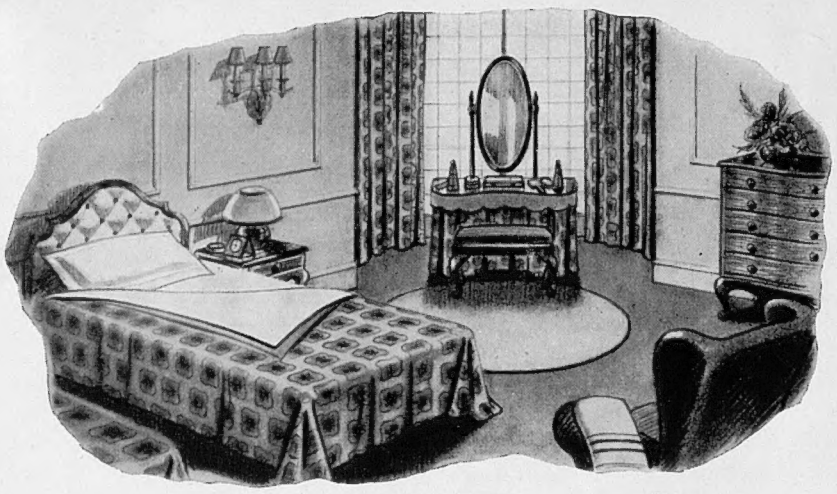

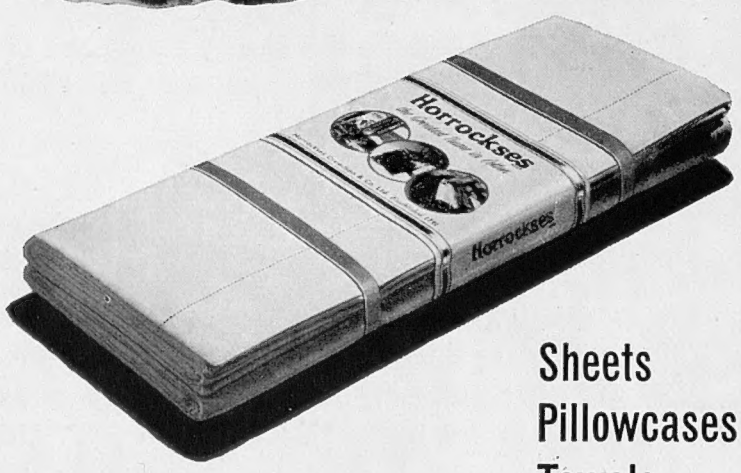

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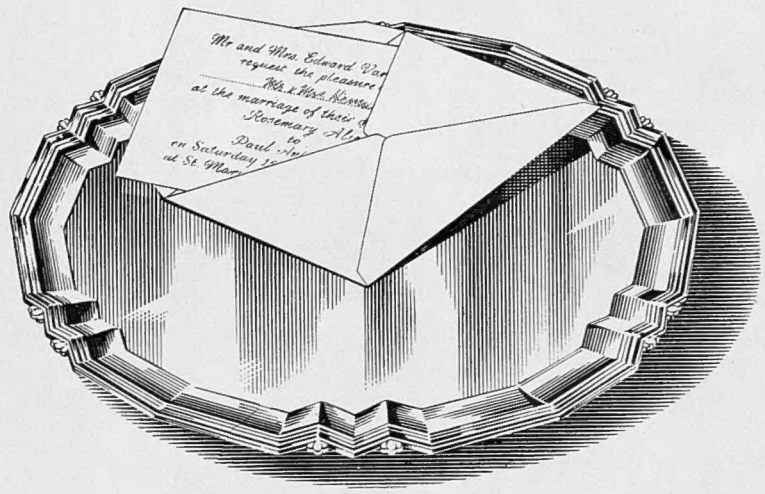

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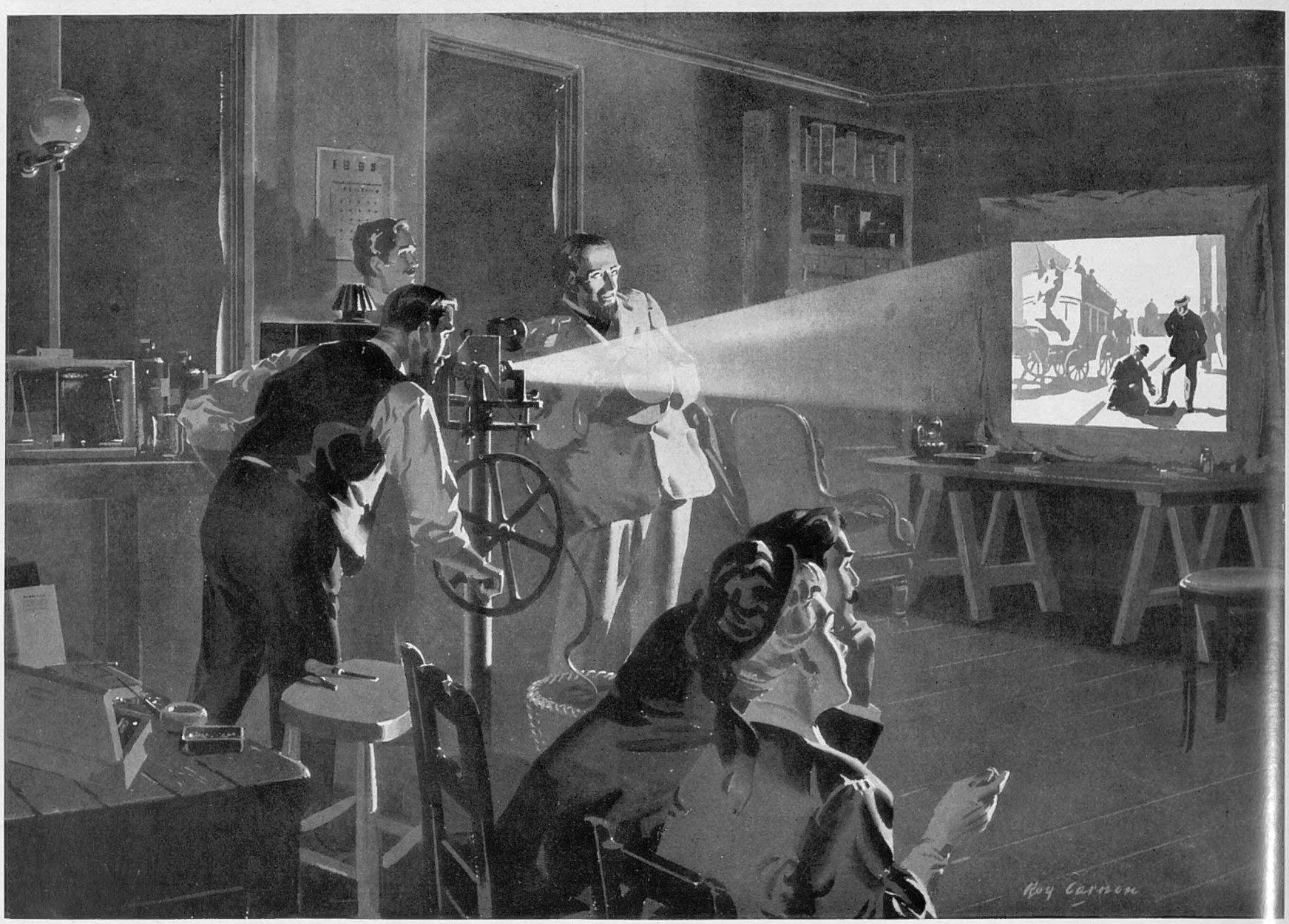
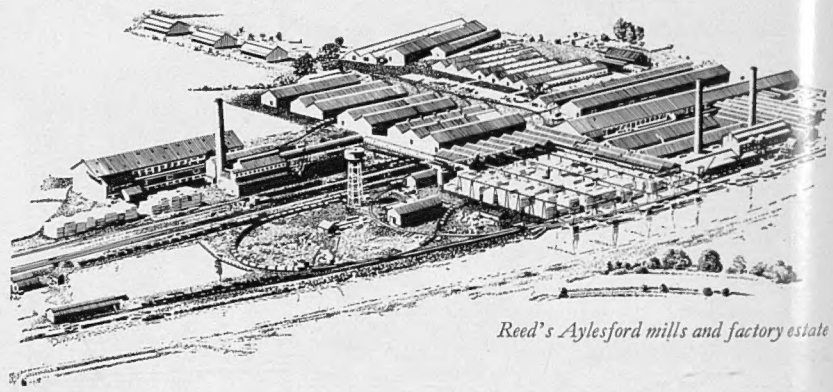


IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen — pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country — the Theatrograph.

Its inventor was Robert W. Paul, one of the purposeful men who made the 1890's a period of promise unique in our history. Another was Albert E. Reed, who that same year began to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers at Tovil, near Maidstone, having converted an almost derelict straw mill acquired the previous year. Expanding his paper-making business with the energy and enterprise so typical of the times, he founded one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world. For to-day the four mills of the Reed Paper Group, with its unrivalled technical experience and resources, produce more than a quarter of a million tons of paper a year — newsprint, printings, Reed's famous Aylesford Kraft and other kinds of wrapping papers.



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Volume CCIX No. 2730

The SPHERE, London, June 7, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE NORTH POLE VIEWED FROM 16,870 FT.—AN AERIAL PICTURE OF THE DESOLATE WASTES, TAKEN FROM A UNITED STATES B 29 AIRCRAFT FLYING ON A ROUTINE WEATHER MISSION FROM EIELSON AIR BASE, ALASKA: These missions, called "Ptarmigan Flights," after the Arctic bird famed for its long endurance, are carried out three to four times a week. Each round trip takes 16 hrs., during which weather conditions are reported back to Alaska. The pressure ridges seen in such photographs as this enable the radar operator aboard the weather plane to plot wind drifts.

Forty-three years ago Peary reached the North Pole, after many journeyings, in each of which he had penetrated yet farther north. To-day the great journey that he made has almost become a commonplace to the men of the Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron of the United States Air Force, who three or four times a week send out a plane across the Arctic wastes to record weather conditions all along the route to the North Pole. The Squadron flies this route because meteorologists have learned that the vast reaches of the Arctic are a breeding-ground of the world's weather. From this huge weather factory emerge the cold air masses which may produce a chilly day in Miami, a dangerous squall along the New England coast, or a disastrous blizzard which may engulf the cities of the Middle West. The job of the Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron is to record these weather conditions as they develop in the Far North. The information is transmitted back to a central weather bureau and there co-ordinated. This regular "milk run" to the North Pole and back has now been in operation since 1947. Through the comparatively pleasant summers and the long, cruel Alaskan winters, the schedule has been maintained with remarkable consistency and with most valuable results.

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Vol. CCIX, No. 2730. June 7, 1952

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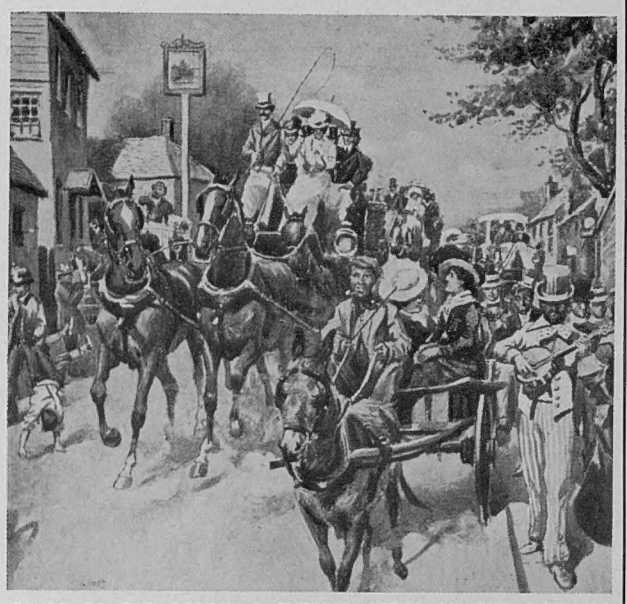
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



GOING TO THE DERBY—A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE ROAD TO EPSOM: The four-in-hand and the donkey-cart en route to the great race—an illustration by J. Sanderson Wells from "The Sphere" of June 7, 1902.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BRITAIN'S FILM INDUSTRY

A Survey by Forsyth Hardy

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACK MILLER

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Beaverbrook and Dawson.—The last volume of *The History of "The Times"* was surprisingly frank in its estimates of the characters and merits of some of its editors. It seemed to be a model for historians—to find the truth first and last and to damn the consequences to the reputation of this man or that as of secondary importance. In that high aim, certain reputations were reduced in stature, and among them, it seemed to me an outsider, Geoffrey Dawson's. But certainly the Editor's intervention in the Abdication affair was not cited in *The Times'* history as derogatory to Dawson's reputation. Very much the contrary. It was Lord Beaverbrook broadcasting on the general subject of the History who specialised in the Abdication incidents and revived, not very favourably to Dawson's reputation, a "mournful feud which else had died." However large or small was the following in England when Edward VIII was King, who sponsored the morganatic marriage plan, it is impossible to believe that that body of opinion, apart from its reduction by death, remains as numerous or convinced, or to-day represents even a handful. The accession and the reign of George VI must appear to the present generation as in the nature of an act of God's mercy, a miracle granted to a favoured nation, and the accession of Queen Elizabeth II can hardly have invited a sigh for the might-have-been. We do not take very seriously the romantics who still sigh for the Stuarts. The mournful feud was much better forgotten. But we cannot expect it yet to be cremated. Soon enough we shall be reading Baldwin's biography. Political history begins to emerge near the truth after about 100 years. A century hence, I fancy, Baldwin—and, for that matter, Dawson—will have their escutcheons wiped clean enough as regards the Abdication incident.

Italians in the Mines.—On the face, the history of the project to recruit our pits, then in desperate need of workers, with Italian labour, is an ugly story of broken faith. Over 1,000 of these Italians, guaranteed two years' employment in the pits, have been given their dismissal, and unless they can be absorbed in other industries acceptable to them, they will be sent home. And what will they tell their countrymen of English faith and of the narrowmindedness of British miners? This was no sudden expedient. The experiment had been tried successfully before now. There were months of negotiation with the unions, the men and the employers, before the Coal Board launched the scheme; it gave the guarantees only after the unions had consented. But British miners here and there would not have it. Not, it seems, because they were asked to work with the Italians. It was because they were asked to dilute their monopoly craft with foreigners or outsiders. This must strike the man-in-the-street as a bad example of the dog-in-manger mentality. Our mining industry is very much a hereditary craft. It is difficult and very dangerous, and pride of craft is very desirable and justified when the native band of craftsmen can satisfy to the full public demand for these products. It was not so a year ago. Coal was and still is desperately needed. It is the key to our economic survival. The native craftsmen were desperately needed and recruiting was poor; nor was the output per man as high as it could and should be. And so the Italians came on guaranteed terms and were prepared to work, expected to work and had given no cause to suggest that their work would be below expected standard. The conclusion is inescapable. Either the men's leaders too quickly assumed that their efforts at persuasion had succeeded or the men who have now rejected the Italians have gone back on their leaders and on their own words. It will be surprising if these Italians, compensated or not, who are sent back to Italy, will not have an unfavourable tale to tell of British honour and fraternity.

"Fabius Redux."—Sequels are notoriously difficult to write. Doyle and Hope succeeded pretty well. So did Trollope quite often. Most of them are failures. Usually the sequel enhances the excellence of the original best-seller. Very occasionally it reduces its stature. I have been dipping into the *New Fabian Essays*, edited by Mr. Crossman. He had a difficult task with his team of thinkers. The original was a best-seller indeed in those good old days when Labour was stirring—days which died with Edward the Peacemaker. The young Shaw, Mrs. Besant, the bland Bland, Mr. "Polly" Wells and the Webbs were the chief exponents in the old team. Young undergraduates in my time caught the measles from them and would preface their politics with "Shaw says" and "Webb says." And now the new team blow the gaff on the old team. We see Wells as a young ass, Webb as a very green young monkey on a dangerous branch, and Bland as a beautiful idealist exuding sentiment. They were all boys together. They had met to grasp the sorry scheme of things entire and to mould it nearer to the heart's desire. But none of them dreamed that some alien monkey would in a few years saw through the branch they sat on and hurl them down to earth on their sky-blue bottoms. The branch was presumed to be permanent. It was late Victorian and Edwardian England safe with its rich Empire, safe with its strong navy, wealthy with the industry of its merchant princes, law-abiding and homogeneous. A few gesture votes to cut defence expenditure would be harmless and effective, the merchant princes would be milked to equalise income and opportunity but would labour on to supply the cream and butter. The brave new monkey world would be built on the old permanent and safe branch. And even while the Banderlog was in constant session, alien monkeys were at work with saws.

"When the Bough Breaks."—And now the branch is on the ground and the new team, with bruised bottoms, are trying to accommodate themselves and the movement to lie on the hard, realistic ground. And they have brought down to earth, to help them rebuild and justify their faith, nothing but the dear old clichés, the pretty phrases—social justice, the new or planned economy, classless society, full employment, ideological this and that. The new team knows now what hit them, the enemy outside, the rival monkey band from the next jungle. But they are more concerned to justify themselves and their continued existence as planners and prophets than to preserve the pioneers on the branch from ridicule. Marx went too far, Lenin and Stalin didn't work out as expected. Crossman and Strachey and the other doctors and professors of the new team admit that, and are not very clear about how to correct that unforeseen occurrence. The branch is fallen. They must sit upon the hard ground and once more imitate Fabius Cunctator or Micawber and wait for something to turn up, rolling meanwhile the dear old phrases round their tongues. But the old pioneers are made to look even more foolish.

"When the bough breaks the baby will fall.
Down will come Passfield and Bernard and all."

It would have been kinder and perhaps wiser in the best interests of the movement not to attempt the sequel. *Phineas redux* was all very well. *Fabius redux* is a flop.

A MINNESOTA CATERPILLAR PLAGUE: Citizens in the northern part of Minnesota awoke recently to find their towns and countryside swarming with caterpillars, which were stripping the foliage, as seen in this picture. In some places the mass was 3 ins. deep and cars were skidding on the roads in the worst caterpillar invasion in the State's history. Entomologists said that the "tent" caterpillars, as they are called, developed in record-breaking numbers last year as there were not enough pests such as the sarcophagus fly to feed on caterpillar eggs. Most of the affected area was in the northern timberland.

Social Equality and the Arts.—Mr. A. L. Rouse nails his colours to the mast. He is all out for another Elizabethan Age. He wants to see *this* age also crackling with energy and creative spirit, and to achieve that fire and crackle it must become again highly competitive. We must again scramble and jostle our way to the front. We must

not be afraid to be ambitious. Our social system must provide us both with the stimulus to good work and the rewards it deserves. Social equality is the death of the arts. There is much to do before we re-create the essential background to a new Elizabethan Age. We are well practised in scrambling and jostling, but for scrag-ends of cow and pig, not for glory; for cabbages, not laurels. We must change all that. I have found among my friends since the great Revolution, a certain timidity in declaring their loathing of the new order, of social equality. No such craven fears deter Mr. Rouse. In his presidential address to the English Society he nailed a number of other colours to his mast, presumably with the owners' consent. "The best contemporary writers [he said]—Eliot, the Sitwells, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, John Betjeman, Martyn Skinner, David Cecil and many more—*detest the new social order.*" Have they said so publicly; have they authorised him to announce it? I do not know. Have we achieved social equality? I see signs of it in rural areas, but I have to confess that in London and other populous centres I see the Edwardian mixture as before, the "privileged," the "people who matter," the "best people," the rich, the smart set, the V.I.P.s, publicised and petted as in the bad old days. The system remains, it is only a change of personnel.

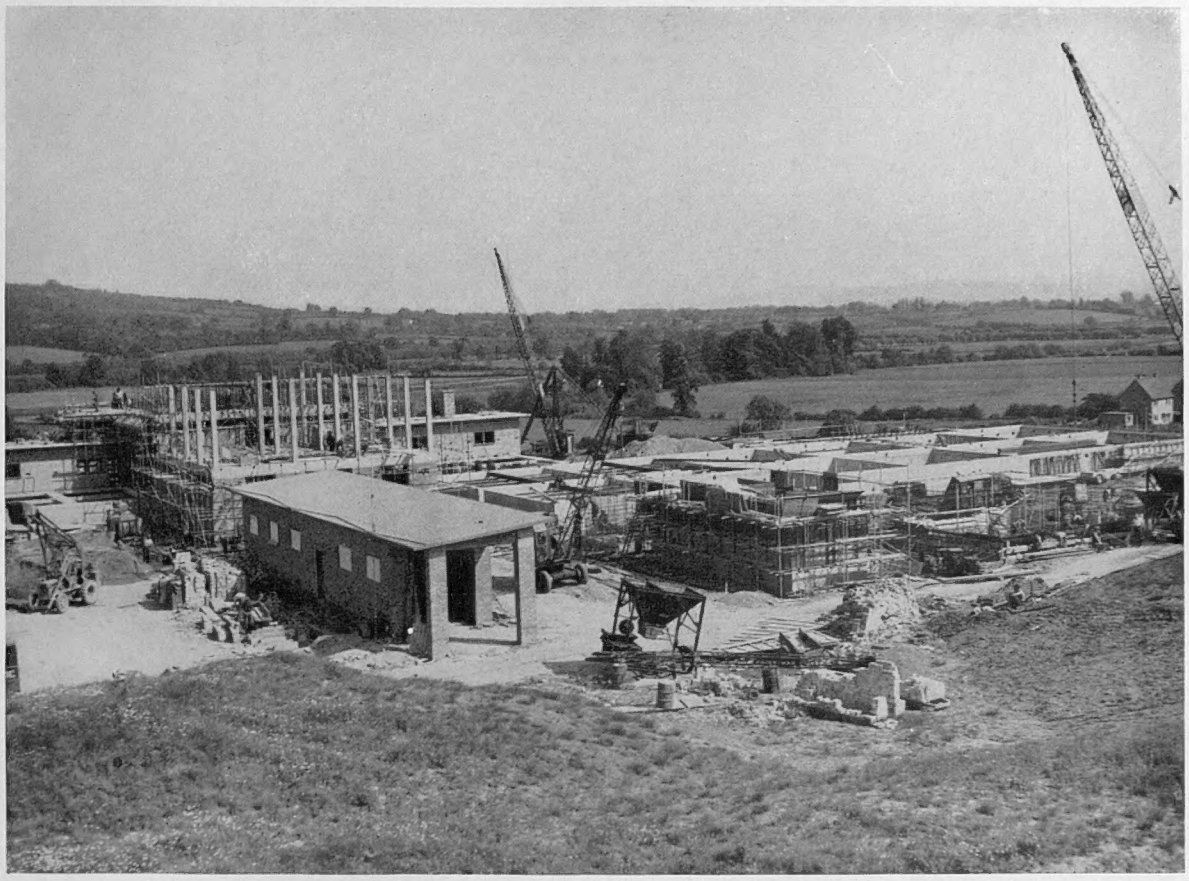
The Nine Muses.—But, waiving this query and accepting Mr. Rouse's premise that social equality exists and is a danger to creative art, do these writers boldly fight under Mr. Rouse's colours and do they comprise the Nine Muses of our day? Are they the best contemporary writers or does a wealth of equal or higher talent lie concealed in the anonymous "many more"? I confess I had never heard of one of our immortal Nine. I wish Mr. Rouse would name the "many more" in a descending order of merit. That bonny fighter, Arthur Bryant, deserves a mention. He at least has been brave and whole-hearted in the cause, and skilful also. Certainly acknowledged genius merits and blooms in richness, culture and ease, but we have known the seeds to strike in poverty and in very barren soil. Bunyan, Keats and Chatterton, as examples; no pride of ancestry there, and only a dim expectation from posterity. Our literature, *pace* Mr. Rouse, has fallen low. Certainly most of it seems to be pornography and cookery books. And now the standard has been raised at Glenfinnan, but we must get this matter of the clan-gathering cleared up. The Nine Muses, or clan chiefs, must come out into the open and themselves boldly declare for Prince Charlie or the dingy Hanoverians. Not all of them have done so yet unequivocally in their writings. Mr. Rouse has raised his standard in a rousing way, but if our literary standard is to be raised, our acknowledged literary lions must henceforth be more vocal and less equivocal. Are they prepared to do their part? If so, they must unmask their detestation of the new order in their next books or on platforms. Then we can start clearing the ground for another Elizabethan Age.

An Afternoon Drive.—Queens Victoria, Alexandra and Mary would often take afternoon drives, covering as much as eight miles or more. Only one of these Queens envisaged a longer afternoon drive, "taking in" the Jungfrau, Corsica, the Côte d'Azur and the Pyrenees. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, born at the dawn, still young at the meridian, of the great Revolution, has known both sorts of afternoon drive and quite easily accommodates herself to the latest model. Luncheon in England, tea in England, if you like, and in between a little circuit of 1,800 miles at 500 m.p.h., seven miles up, with pretty views of the Alps and the blue Mediterranean. It was a great advertisement for the B.O.A.C. and the Comet, a great day for the new Hatfield. Safer than carriage horses which sometimes would take fright, faster than carriage horses and Royal Daimlers, faster than Pegasus in a new element, faster than teal and nearly as fast as sound. Safe and sure and punctual as the 10.45, Waterloo to Portsmouth. And, if a little more expensive, cheap at the price of so splendid an advertisement for British enterprise and engineering genius.

The Merrie Month.—Good-bye to May. When she smiles, we all smile. The sap is strong enough not to wilt after a few days without rain. We are content to enjoy them and not to shake our heads over the "official drought." But a lovely May is always a record. They are so rare. We remember fine summer spells by historical dates, usually for some obscure reason disastrous dates. We recall the summer of 1914 or the Dunkirk weather. But on these rare golden occasions we do not allow presages or portents to disturb us. We were back in the good old days last Sunday afternoon on one of the new Ambersham polo grounds, emerald turf in a setting of greens and golds under the South Downs, the ponies thundering by in their summer coats, Princes, Rajahs and cracks in the saddle, and thousands of flashing new cars discharging the élite of six counties in summer frocks and panamas, and half the police in the county regulating the traffic. If "social equality" is bad for the arts, our new democracy is quite a good patron of the sports of princes and the privileged. It supports and encourages and is willing to pay for those delights at which not so long ago it gaped through palings, having no access to privileged vouchers and reserved seats. If the Edwardian era ended the bad old days, those days were not so bad as all that. They held some sweets to which the savour still clings, sweets still worth preserving, still to be enjoyed by those who can afford them.

THE OLD STAGER

COVENTRY TAKES HER WATER FROM THE RIVER SEVERN



THE COVENTRY WATER-TREATMENT PLANT UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE AVON VALLEY AT STRENSHAM, NEAR TEWKESBURY: Here water will now be treated after being pumped from the River Severn, two miles away. After treatment it will be pumped to a 1,000,000-gallon reservoir on the summit of Bredon Hill, 750 ft. above sea-level. From Bredon the supply is to flow by gravity through 27-in. steel pipes to Meriden. When completed the waterworks will supply 12,000,000 gallons daily to the city of Coventry.

On right—

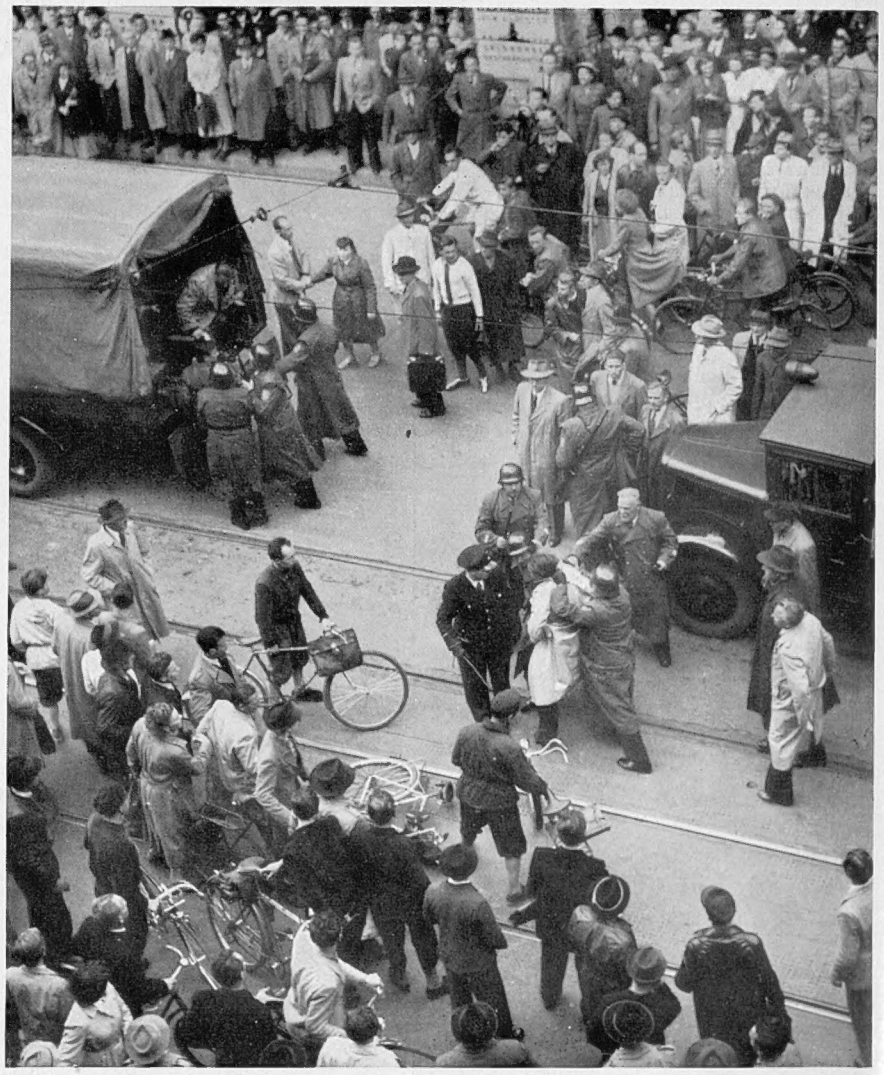
THE 27-IN. PIPE MAIN FROM THE SEVERN TO COVENTRY CROSSES THE RIVER AVON AT STRENSHAM: The crossing is made by means of a hydrostatic arch, the pipes being practically self-supporting and the pressure and flow of water helping to consolidate the arch. There is another similar crossing on another bend of the River Avon.

SLUDGE TANKS IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION BELOW THE WATER-TREATMENT PLANT AT STRENSHAM: At the moment these works are a blot upon the landscape in the beautiful Tewkesbury region, but on completion it is intended that they shall blend with the landscape.

TROUBLE ACROSS THE WORLD

Rioting in Paris, Munich and Johannesburg

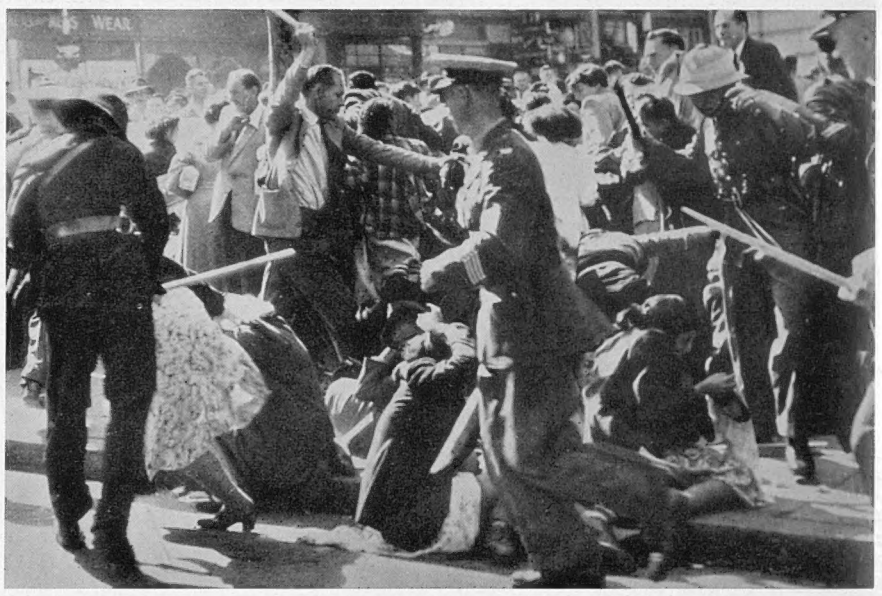
COMMUNIST PLACARD-BEARERS FLEE FROM THE POLICE—AND ANGRY NON-COMMUNISTS—DURING THE DISTURBANCES LAST WEEK IN MUNICH: 10,000 members of the non-Communist trade union movement assembled in Munich on May 26 to support a demand that labour should be given half the seats in all private industrial directorates. Their meeting was at first a peaceful one, but trouble began when Communists infiltrated, with banners bearing slogans opposing the signing of the German peace treaty. Some of the trade union delegates attacked the placard-bearers, but though a number of arrests were made when the police arrived, no serious injuries were reported.

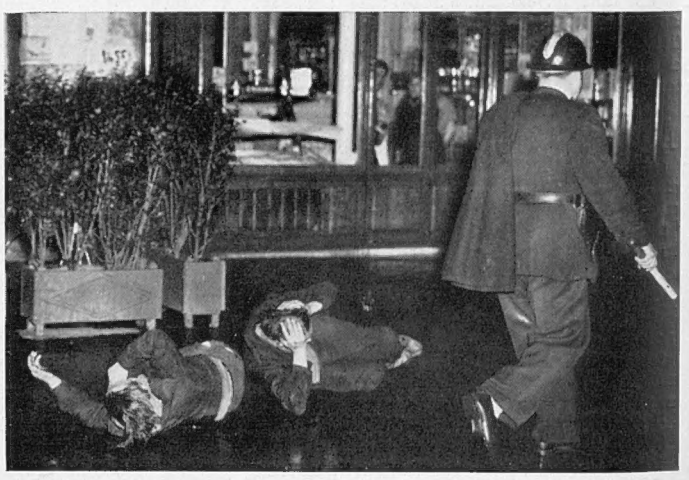


ARMED POLICE IN MUNICH HUSTLE TROUBLE-MAKERS TO WAITING LORRIES AFTER A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE SIGNING OF THE GERMAN PEACE TREATY: The demonstrators had refused to comply with an order to disperse, and the police, using hosepipes, finally broke up their meeting and made a number of arrests.

Above and *on right*—

RIOTING IN JOHANNESBURG FOLLOWS THE ARREST OF A TRADE UNION LEADER: These pictures were taken outside the Town Hall of Johannesburg when police charged an angry crowd who were protesting against the arrest of Mr. E. S. Sachs, general secretary of the Garment Workers' Union. Mr. Sachs, who had been forbidden by the Minister of Justice to speak in public, was addressing a crowd of 10,000 of all races and colours outside the Town Hall when the police approached his platform. The crowd immediately attacked the police with sticks and bottles, but Mr. Sachs was rushed into the Town Hall, and when police reinforcements arrived a baton charge was made. Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, said afterwards that the police were attacked by a crowd consisting mostly of non-Europeans, and had been forced to defend themselves and to disperse the rioters. Political observers, however, believe that the Malan Government may have precipitated another crisis by the ban on Sachs and that a general strike is threatened.





POLICE AND COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATORS CLASH IN THE PARIS RIOTS: A policeman walks away from two rioters left nursing their bruised heads during a clash between the Paris police and Communists who were demonstrating against General Ridgway, the new Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe. *On left*—Young demonstrators carrying crude banners reading "Ridgway the pest go home!" parade near the Gare St. Lazare, in Paris. In spite of an official ban, demonstrators marched to a meeting to protest against General Ridgway's arrival. When the police tried to break up the parade they were attacked with chairs, bottles and sticks. M. Brune, Minister of the Interior, later declared: "We found ourselves confronted with a real attempt against the security of the State. Armed shock troops of the Communist Party tried to stage a plot against the Republic." Rioting also occurred in some provincial centres.

GENERAL RIDGWAY ARRIVES IN PARIS

The New Supreme Commander Whose Arrival Stirred the Communists to Action—Laying a Wreath at the Arc de Triomphe

THE ARRIVAL OF THE RIDGWAYS AT ORLY AIRPORT, PARIS: *Left*—General Ridgway making his speech before a battery of microphones when he arrived to take up his post as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, the successor of General of the Army Eisenhower, who now returns to the United States to campaign for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. *Right*—Field Marshal Montgomery, General of the Army Eisenhower, Mrs. Ridgway, and Mrs. Eisenhower listening to General Ridgway's speech. In the foreground is young Matty Ridgway, upon whom his mother is seen casting a watchful eye.

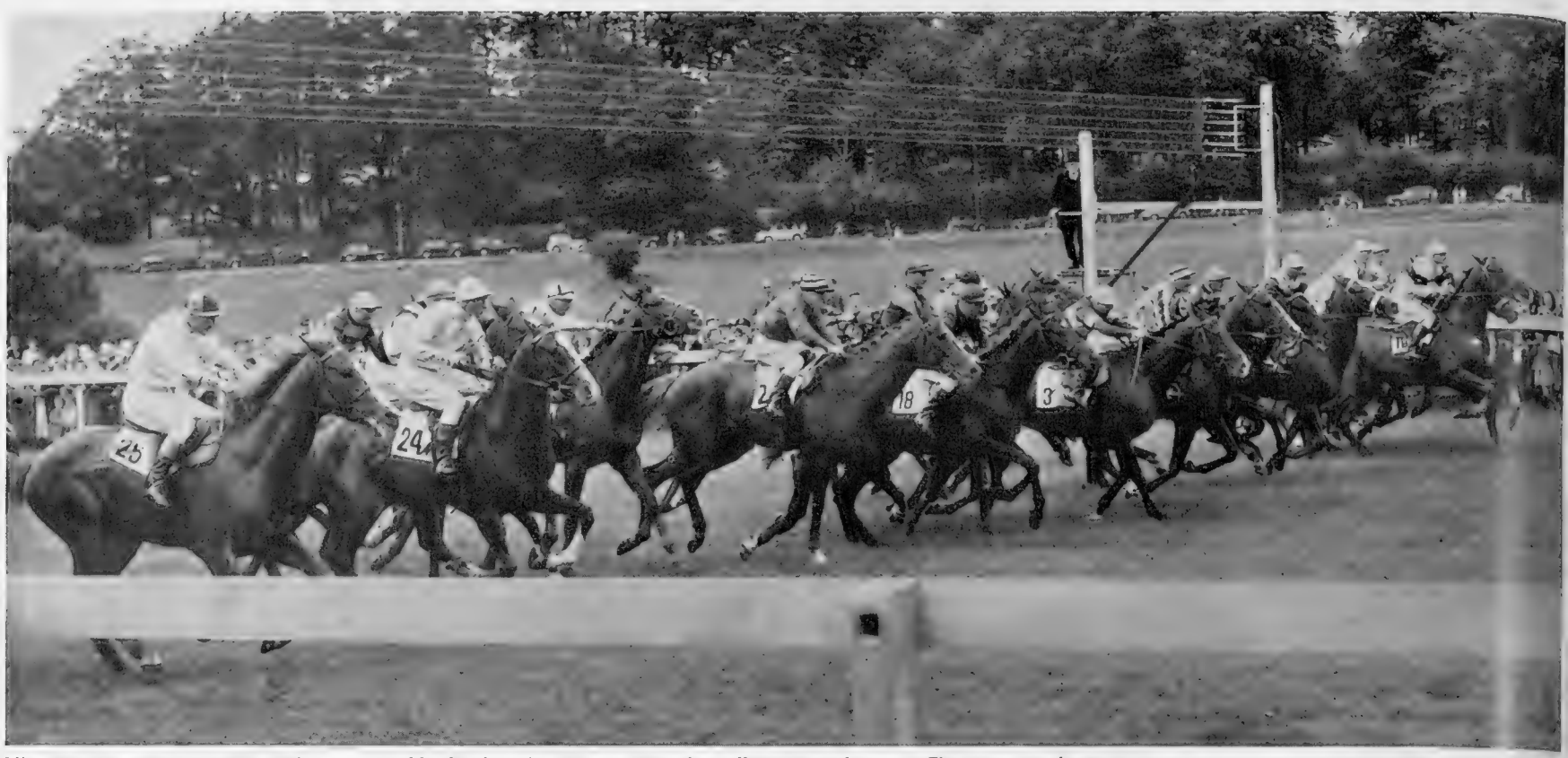
Swift transition from the Supreme Command in Tokyo, with all its current frustrations, to the hurly-burly of Washington, with its Congressional questionings, to the mixed welcome of Paris, with its Communist plottings, was the experience of General Ridgway in the matter of a few days. It could have occasioned the much-travelled General little surprise when the Communist Mayor of Villejuif, a Paris suburb, rushed into the street as his car passed, shouting, "Ridgway—murderer!" Once in Paris, General Ridgway received a friendly welcome from the French Government and from his new colleagues at S.H.A.P.E.; meanwhile the Communists staged their strikes and their riots, seeking to inflame the public against the American General.

SUPREME COMMANDERS MEET: General of the Army Eisenhower shaking hands with General Ridgway in Paris on the latter's arrival.

SALUTE AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: General Ridgway standing before the tomb of France's Unknown Warrior. M. René Pleven, Minister of National Defence, stands beside the General after the latter had placed his wreath on the tomb.

On left—

ON ARRIVAL AT VERSAILLES: General Ridgway and Mrs. Ridgway in conversation with General Gruenther, the Supreme Commander's aide.



THE START OF THE DERBY OF 1952 : The field of thirty-three runners getting off to a good start. They were racing for the richest prize in the history of the Derby, with the British horses attempting to stave off a seemingly formidable challenge from the French. In winning his fifth Derby with Tulyar, the Aga Khan equalled the 126-year-old record of Lord Egremont, the only other owner to have won five Derbys in the history of the race. Gay Time, the runner-up, was badly bumped at the start, and the horse had to make up much ground.

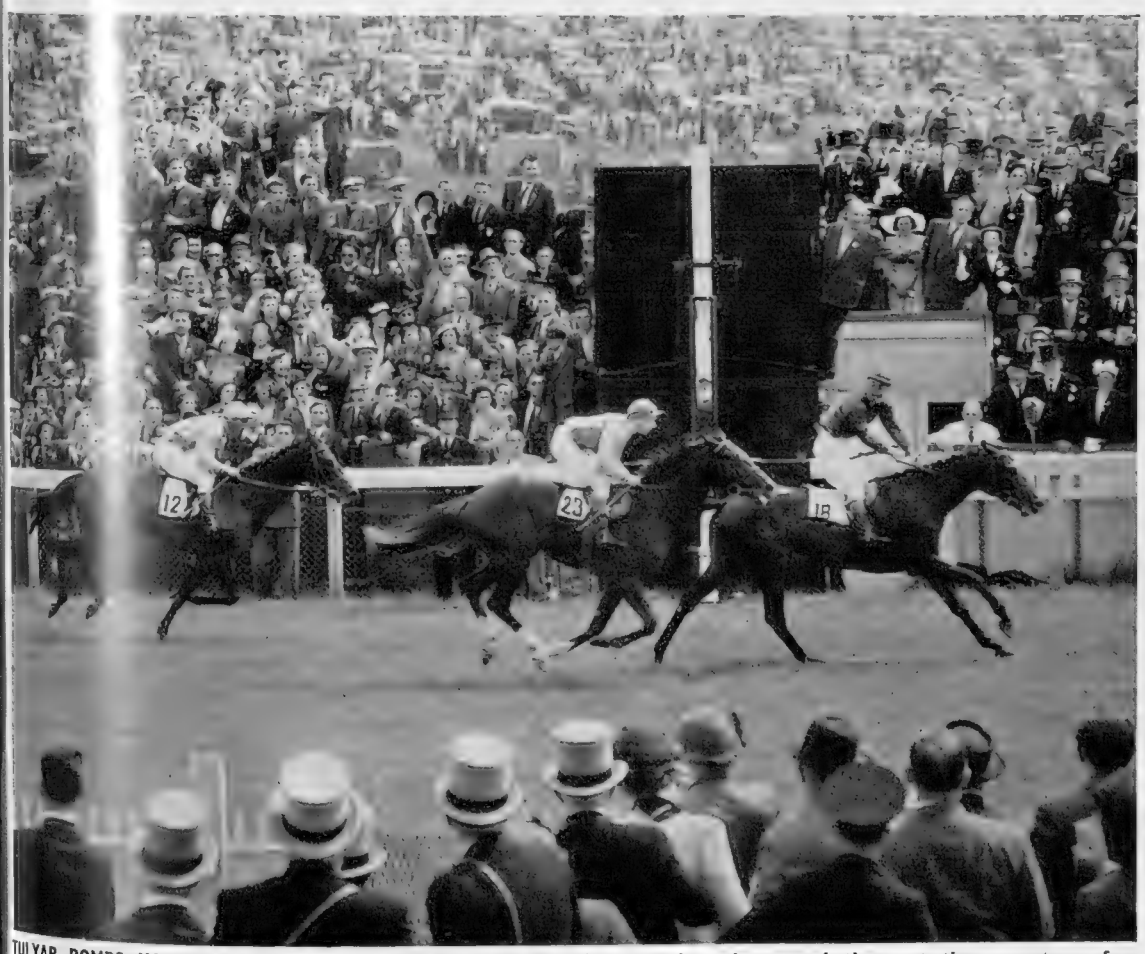
THE FRENCH INVASION HELD IN THE DERBY OF 1952

Tulyar's Great Victory, the Fifth Recorded by H.H. the Aga Khan; the Richest Derby of All Time

Two things are essential in the Derby—good jockeyship and the right type of breeding. Without these essentials victory is rare, and last week's race was no exception. Tulyar, beautifully bred for the task in hand, and ridden by Smirke, one of the most accomplished jockeys of all time upon the Derby course, raced home to a fine victory, and the first of the French challengers, Faubourg II, had to be content with third place. In some respects the Derby of 1952 was too dramatic to be pleasant, heavy bunching in the initial stages leading to horses being thrown off-balance, and the dramatic dash up the straight almost leading to an objection to the winner. Mrs. Rank, the owner of Gay Time, refused to object, however, taking the view that this would be an unhappy ending to a big day. There was drama in abundance for sixteen-year-old Lester Piggott, the rider of Gay Time, whose horse not only missed the parade through spreading a plate but threw him a few yards from the enclosure after the race was over. The hunt for the missing Gay Time delayed the all-clear for many minutes. For most bookmakers it was a black Derby.

THE DERBY FIELD AT THE MILE POST, WHERE MANY OF THE HORSES IN THE MIDDLE DIVISION WERE BADLY BUMPED AND THUS FAILED TO COME DOWN THE HILL TO TATTENHAM CORNER IN BALANCED FASHION : In the lead at this stage was Gordon Richards on Monarch More (left). J. Marshall (wearing chequered cap) lay behind Monarch More, on Indian Hemp, and exactly in line behind Indian Hemp was C. Smirke on Tulyar, the winner. Tulyar was well-balanced at this stage and came down the hill in a position to challenge. Gay Time was still lagging far behind, Lester Piggott having to steer the colt through the crowded field.

THE FIELD FOLLOWS TATTENHAM CORNER, WITH GORDON RICHARDS STILL IN THE LEAD ON THE BECKHAMPTON COLT, MONARCH MORE: At this stage the hopes of Richards' followers rose high. Racing beside Monarch More was Chavey Down, and behind these two was the once well-fancied Bob Major. In the centre of the leading horses came Tulyar (Smirke, wearing dark cap), and towards the outside was Gay Time, by now making up lost ground at a prodigious rate. Lester Piggott came through the field with rare dash on Gay Time and in some ways might be described as an unlucky loser. Gay Time spread a plate in the paddock before the race, and after passing the post behind Tulyar unshipped his jockey. It was many minutes before he was caught and brought back to the enclosure.



TULYAR ROMPS HOME A GALLANT WINNER: C. Smirke looking round as he passed the post three-quarters of a length in front of Gay Time (Lester Piggott up), with the French horse Faubourg II another length away third. Tulyar struck the front nearly two furlongs out and ran on with the stamina he had already shown in his earlier races, resisting the very determined challenge of Gay Time. Tulyar is by Tehran, who did well in a wartime Derby and later won the St. Leger. Tehran's sire was the Derby winner Bois Roussel.

THE ALY KHAN, SON OF THE AGA KHAN, LEADS IN HIS FATHER'S DERBY WINNER TULYAR: Smirke, the successful jockey, who has now won the Derby three times, is to share the stake money with Marcus Marsh, the trainer, and members of the stable who assisted in preparing Tulyar. The time of 2 mins. 36 secs. was fast, as was expected with on-top-of-the-ground going.

PRISONERS OF WAR ON KOJE ISLAND USING LONG POLES DURING THEIR DAILY MILITARY DRILL: When British troops arrived recently on Koje a North Korean officer, watching through the barbed wire, turned to the huts, shouted a military order, and hundreds of well-drilled prisoners turned out to give a demonstration. Last week men of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, with bayonets fixed, entered one of the compounds amid clouds of tear-gas and tore down huts being used by the prisoners as their headquarters.

THE KOJE PRISONERS AND THEIR SELF-IMPOSED DRILLS

Pictorial Evidence of their Way of Life Within the Island Compounds

Below—

THE KOJE PRISONERS DO SOME "SQUARE-BASHING" Left to their own devices, the Communist prisoners on Koje seem to have formed themselves into a well-drilled garrison. The British troops who entered one of the compounds last week broke up a parade like this. They were stoned and reviled by the prisoners as they steadfastly carried out the work of destroying the compound's "command post." Four prisoners were killed on May 30 when they attacked their U.S. guards.

PATTON TANKS MOVE ALONG A ROAD ON THEIR WAY TO HIGH VANTAGE-POINTS OVERLOOKING THE PRISONER-OF-WAR COMPOUNDS ON KOJE ISLAND: This is one of a number of drastic measures which are being taken to control the 80,000 rebellious prisoners on Koje. British and Canadian troops have now reinforced the American guards.

THE KOJE REBELS

In the Absence of Discipline, Communist Prisoners of War on Koje Established Complete Control of Their Compounds

The conditions established by Communist officers among the prisoners in the camps on Koje Island are really astonishing. At a luncheon in Washington recently General Ridgway is reported to have said that "it was not unusual" for the bodies of anti-Communists, who had been tried and executed by their fellow-prisoners, to be "passed out" in the morning, and that many others had no doubt been buried inside. The commander of the prison hospital on Koje has said that since July 2 last year at least 115 prisoners have died in this way. The prisoners, though split up into compounds by impenetrable walls of barbed-wire, have established efficient and ingenious systems of communication. Tunnels linking several of the compounds were recently discovered and destroyed by American guards. Messages are shot from compound to compound with bows and arrows or thrown with weights, and there is an unconcealed military system of visual signalling. When British and American forces reached the island to reinforce the guards already there, they were warned that the prisoners had an arsenal of weapons. One officer reported finding home-made bombs. "We have no doubt," he said, "that they have thousands of them. A blacksmith's shop in Compound 76 has been working twenty-four hours a day turning out weapons."

KEEP-FIT PARADE FOR THE GUARDS ON KOJE: These are members of the American 187th Airborne Regiment who were ordered to parade in this way to impress prisoners that their new guards are fit and well-drilled. The uniformed soldiers watching them had been erecting a new barbed-wire fence on steel framework, seen on the left.

CLOTHES-LINES OF BARBED WIRE FOR THE "SMALLS" OF WOMEN PRISONERS OF WAR: On the right, centre, is a woman carrying a baby, and in the background a group of women prisoners are collecting their rations. About 430 women soldiers, nurses and camp-followers captured in the Korean fighting are included in the group of prisoners of war on Koje island who have declared in favour of returning to North Korea when hostilities end.

COMMUNIST "TIC-TAC MEN" IN THE KOJE COMPOUNDS: The prisoners standing beside crude North Korean flags on the roofs of their huts are look-outs posted to watch and report on the activities of the guards outside. They have highly efficient systems of signalling.

ONE OF THE TANKS PLACED AT VANTAGE-POINTS OVERLOOKING THE COMPOUNDS IN CASE OF FURTHER VIOLENCE: The authorities believe that the presence of heavy reinforcements will end the disturbances.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

THE LADY CHAPEL OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, ONITSHA, NIGERIA, WHICH WAS CONSECRATED ON MAY 10 BY THE BISHOP IN THE SUDAN: The ceremony of consecration took place in the presence of the Archbishop of West Africa.

A great concourse of people from far and near witnessed the consecration of the Lady Chapel of the proposed Cathedral Church of All Saints, Onitsha, by the Right Rev. A. M. Gelsthorpe, Lord Bishop in the Sudan, on Saturday, May 10. His Grace the Archbishop of West Africa, the Lords Bishops of Accra, Ibadan, Ondo and the Niger and Delta Dioceses and the Very Rev. A. W. Howells, Provost of Christ Church Cathedral, Lagos, together with many other clergy, also officiated.

The service started at 9.45 a.m. when the Bishops in procession, preceded by the choir, moved to the south-west door of the Chapel, which had been locked. On arrival, the Bishop in the Sudan, taking his Pastoral Staff in his right hand, knocked thrice upon the door. The doors were opened, and entering the Chapel, the Bishop said, "Peace be to this House." Thereupon he was petitioned by the Bishop on the Niger to consecrate the Chapel, and the petition was read by the Chancellor of the Diocese, Barrister L. N. Mbanefo. The Archbishop and the Bishops then proceeded to the Sacrarium while the rest of the procession of choir and clergy ascended to the gallery.

After prayers, the Deed of Donation was presented to the Bishop in the Sudan by the Chancellor, the Secretary of the Building Committee and representatives of the Archdeaconries.

AN ARCHITECTURAL EXPERIMENT IN WEST AFRICA: The first part of the new Anglican Cathedral of the Niger Diocese of Onitsha, in Nigeria. The building, of which the Lady Chapel is now completed, represents an endeavour to design a cathedral church in West Africa, using up-to-date constructional methods in a design suited to the climate, and non-European in character; with as much use as possible of local building materials.

Then followed the blessing by various prelates of the places where different church functions would be observed. The font was blessed by the Bishop in the Sudan; the place of confirmation by the Bishop on the Niger Delta; the place of marriage by the Bishop of Accra; the lectern by the Bishop of Ibadan, and the pulpit by the Vicar-General.

The Lady Chapel, which is the only part of the Cathedral so far erected, gives an idea of the eventual proportions of the whole. It is about 90 ft. long by 60 ft. wide and its elliptical arches rise to 50 ft. The cross which surmounts the east end of the Chapel is 90 ft. above the ground.

The architect, Mr. R. S. Nickson, F.R.I.B.A., has designed the building to harmonise with its tropical surroundings. There are no windows and the walls are louvred above open iron grills. The high altar is surmounted by a huge cross affixed to the space usually occupied by an east window and backed with a great length of Akwete cloth.

The building is of Abagana stone, the wrought-iron work was done by trainees at the Government Training Centre, Enugu, and by Awka iron workers, and all the carved woodwork in the screens and doors was executed by the Awka wood-carvers.

THE SERVICE OF CONSECRATION AT ONITSHA: The Bishop in the Sudan knocking upon the door of the Lady Chapel.

THE START OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH ROMAN CATHOLIC EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS: At special tables in the courtyard of this Barcelona Seminary—headquarters of the Congress—pilgrims line up to collect tickets for various events connected with the Congress. The first Eucharistic Congress was held at Lille in 1881, and since then it has assumed an increasing international character, attracting ecclesiastics and laymen from many parts of the world. The Barcelona Congress has attracted about 50,000 visitors, including 300 British. The opening ceremony was conducted by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Tedeschini, who was received by the Government with honours granted to Princes of Royal blood.

On left—

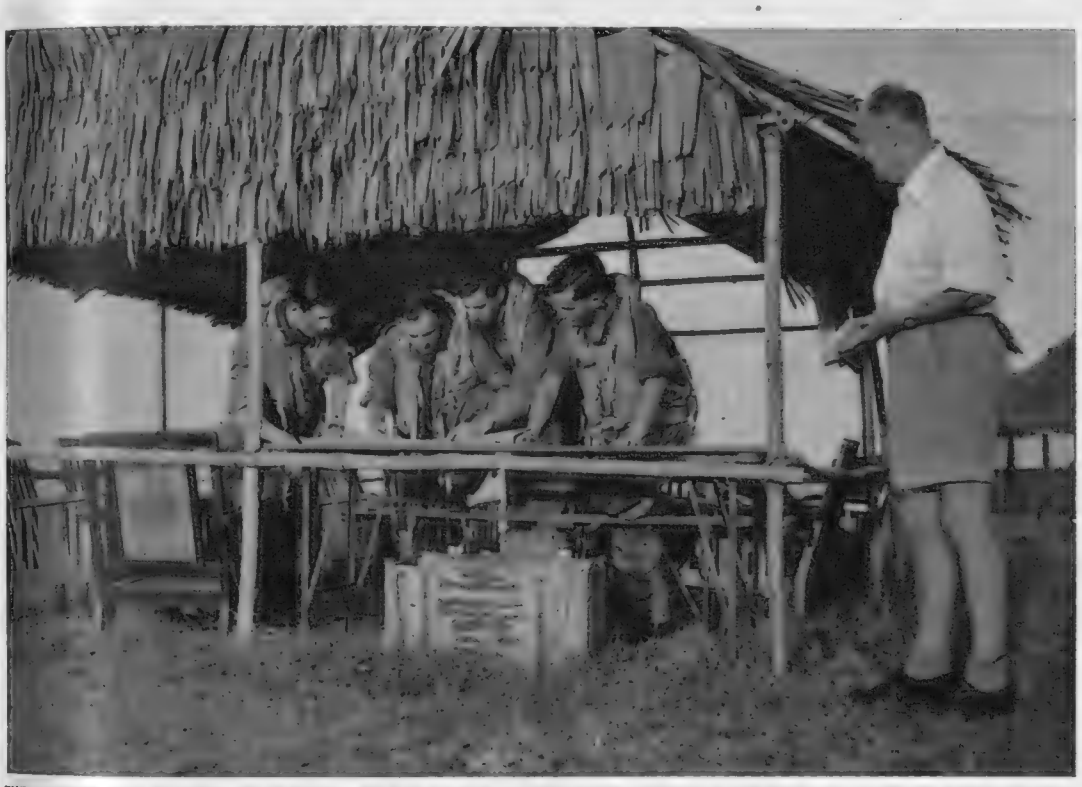
THE PIAZZA CATALUNIA, BARCELONA, WITH ITS GREAT ILLUMINATED CROSS SURROUNDED BY FLAGS OF NATIONS PARTICIPATING IN THE THIRTY-FIFTH EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS: This is the first such Congress for 14 years.

On right—

THE BISHOP OF LEEDS AT BARCELONA: Monsignor John Heenan arriving at the seminary headquarters of the Eucharistic Congress, where he presented his credentials and received his papers.

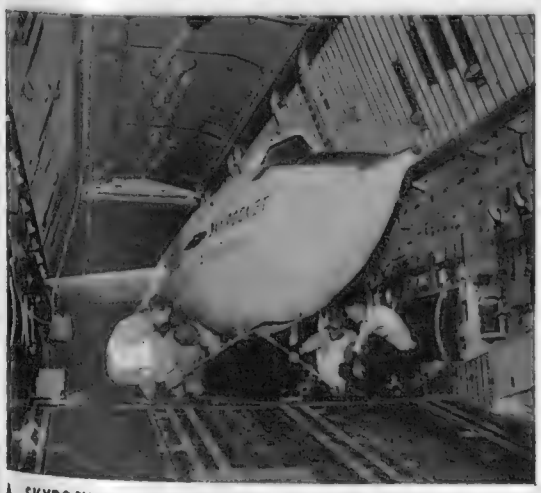
"BLACK GOLD" IN SUMATRA: A 55,000-barrel tank under construction at the Central Pump Station at Minas, Central Sumatra, where the production stage has now been reached in the new oilfields. In 1939 American interests discovered the "black gold" in Sumatra after a search that began more than a dozen years earlier. A development project got under way, but the war and post-war events interfered. To-day, Caltex Pacific Petroleum Maatschappij, an American-financed company, is shipping oil from its Minas field in Central Sumatra, where the company was able to resume full-scale operations early in 1950. Thirty-three wells have been built by the company since then. For these wells—and others to follow—costly outlet facilities have been provided. These include a 12-in. pipe-line, 17 miles in length, from the Minas Field to an up-river terminal at Perawang, on the Siak River. From Perawang the oil is transported down-river in specially-constructed shallow-draught tankers to an ocean terminal built by the company at Sungai Pakning, a distance of about 90 miles. At Sungai Pakning, the oil is ready for shipment in ocean-going vessels to the world's markets.

A BULLDOZER HAULING A 50-TON DIESEL FROM THE SIAK RIVER AT RUMBAI PRIOR TO ITS DISPATCH TO THE MINAS OILFIELD IN CENTRAL SUMATRA: One of the major problems confronting the Americans developing the Central Sumatran oilfields is in getting heavy equipment to Minas.



THE LEADER OF A HORNET SQUADRON AT A NORTH MALAYAN AIRFIELD BRIEFS HIS PILOTS BEFORE THEY TAKE OFF: In a briefing-room of dry palm-leaves he gives the details of a coming strike in support of ground troops. It is just a year since the Malayan guerillas first felt the sting of the twin-engined Hornets of the Far East Air Force Squadron. Since then they have chalked up 200 strikes.

"OPERATION QUESTION": H.E. The High Commissioner for Malaya, General Sir Gerald Templer, opening sealed boxes containing the replies to the questionnaires he sent to every household in Brega, Menkarah, Terap, Cha'ah and Layang Layang. Afterwards he told newspaper correspondents that the replies were a matter between himself and the individuals concerned, and he would not disclose what information he received. This is only one of many ways in which Sir Gerald is seeking to shorten the long and costly war in Malaya. Plans for the raising of the first unit of the Federation Regiment, the nucleus of a Malayan National Army, have been completed and constitute yet another step towards pacification in the Peninsula. The first unit will be small; a company of seventy recruits is to be formed and it is hoped that a batch of cadets, probably twelve in number, will be entered for Sandhurst as soon as possible. These groups will comprise volunteers of all communities—Malays, Chinese, Indians, Ceylonese and Eurasians.



A SKYROCKET GOES BY GLOBEMASTER: This partly-dismantled U.S. Navy Skyrocket plane, a static test model of the craft for which the U.S. Navy claims the world's altitude and speed records, is seen being fastened down within the fuselage of a Globemaster, one of the giant transports of the U.S. Air Force. The Skyrocket was about to be flown from El Segundo, California, to Bolling Field, Washington, for Washington's celebration of Armed Forces Day. There were huge processions in Washington, New York and other cities, and President Truman turned out to watch 15,000 fighting men file by.

KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS OPENS THE FÊTE AT ANTWERP: The King with his escort passing along the streets of the city. The visit to Antwerp was of special significance as it marked the start of a nation-wide tour which King Baudouin is undertaking. Since the defeat of the Belgian Government on February 12 on the question of the composition of the Belgian delegation to the funeral of George VI, the position of King Baudouin has been the subject of much speculation. It is widely felt in Belgium that an attempt is being made to identify him in greater measure with the life of the people.

THE ICELANDIC AMERICAN RESCUE EXPEDITION: Members of the expedition seen after they had located the scattered wreckage of an American FA-16 Albatross air-sea rescue plane which hit a glacier in South Iceland. The aircraft crashed into the inner ring of the crater in the glacier. The ground rescue parties employed amphibious vehicles in the search for survivors. Footprints in the snow indicated that four survivors were alive after the crash, but later the ground rescue party discovered two bodies among the snowdrifts. The search for two remaining members of the crew continued, and aircraft joined in the hunt, working in co-operation with the ground party.

THE "EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND," THE LARGEST-EVER VESSEL TO VISIT MONTREAL, 800 MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC, PASSES UNDER THE JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE SPANNING THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR: The 26,313-ton Canadian Pacific liner had her masts trimmed by almost 45 ft. so that she could clear this and other bridges and power-lines between Quebec and Montreal. This was the first of eleven calls which the *Empress of Scotland* is making at Montreal during her 1952 navigation of the St. Lawrence River. Her usual port of call is Quebec. On a recent return voyage to Liverpool she left Montreal with a capacity number of passengers. The *Empress of Scotland*, named at her launching ceremony as the *Empress of Japan*, made her maiden voyage to Quebec in 1930, later transferring to the Company's Pacific run. She was requisitioned in 1939 and during her wartime voyages carried more than 292,000 persons in the Allied service, 92 per cent. of them being soldiers. The last trooping voyage was made in 1948, and she re-entered civilian service on May 9, 1950.

SAILING INTO MONTREAL

The 26,313-ton Liner "Empress of Scotland" Sails up the St. Lawrence River to Call at Canada's Largest City

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC FLEET CRUISING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER: The *Empress of Scotland* is here seen passing the statue of Madeleine de Vercheres in the river town of Vercheres. Madeleine de Vercheres was a pioneer heroine who organised the women and children of her community to fight and beat the Indians who attacked their homes while the men were away hunting.

NAVIGATIONAL HISTORY IS MADE AT MONTREAL: *Left*—The liner passes under the famous Quebec bridge with a clearance of a few feet. Captain C. E. Duggan, and a veteran river pilot, said there were also times when there was only 4 ft. of water between the ship's keel and the river-bed. *Right*—The *Empress of Scotland* leaving Montreal on her return voyage to Liverpool. The arrival of the liner at Montreal foreshadowed better cargo possibilities for the port, which is busy in summer but cut off by ice for much of the winter.

WILL THIS BE ANOTHER "KON TIKI"?

Two Men Attempt to Cross the Atlantic in a Small Rubber Dinghy; The Successful Finish of One Yachting Adventure and the Postponement of Another

JACK PALMER AND DR. ALAIN BOMBARD IN THE DINGHY IN WHICH THEY LEFT FRANCE ON MAY 24 TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC: Although the dinghy carries fresh water and food, the two men plan to live from the start on sea-water, fish and plankton in an attempt to show how shipwrecked people can live on the sea with no other provisions.

THE ADVENTURERS SET SAIL: Dr. Bombard looks ahead and Jack Palmer, his navigator, waves good-bye as the little dinghy is towed out to sea to commence her journey across the Atlantic.

TWO MEN WHO ARE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO PROVE THAT HUMAN BEINGS CAN EXIST WITHOUT FRESH WATER: They are Jack Palmer (left), thirty-eight-year-old Scottish-born citizen of Panama, and Dr. Alain Bombard, a twenty-seven-year-old French cardiologist, seen making preparations for their journey in a rubber dinghy across the Atlantic from France to Cuba. They mean to prove that human beings can remain alive for long periods by drawing their food and drink from the sea. Dr. Bombard believes that shipwrecked persons abstain from drinking as long as possible and so dehydrate the system. When in the end they resort to sea-water they absorb too much and die. He maintains that the human system can, in fact, absorb sea-water provided that the amount is limited to a pint a day and taken from the very first day. The adventurers will eat fish and plankton gathered in a nylon net.

A BRITISH RACING YACHT ARRIVES IN NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, AFTER AN "UNEVENTFUL VOYAGE" FROM COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, VIA LAS PALMAS AND THE CANARY ISLANDS: The yacht set sail the following day for City Island, New York, to refit for the forthcoming Newport-Bermuda Race. Aboard the yacht on its arrival at New London were Mrs. Miles Wyatt, wife of the owner; her daughter Julie, seventeen; her son Jeremy, twenty; Colonel Richard Scholfield, who was navigator; Alfred B. Stanford, of New York City; Peter Stanford, son of Mrs. Dorothy Stanford, of Cheney Hill, Essex, Connecticut; and George Lynn, of Lexington, England, the only paid hand. The owner was due in New York on May 23 and Colonel Scholfield was to fly home two days later. The yacht, built in 1937 for Isaac Bell, a British sportsman, is 62 ft. 10 ins. overall. It has many trophies gained from races in British waters, but has not previously visited the U.S.A.

A TEMPORARY HITCH IN A TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING—THE YACHT "FELICITY ANN" IS TAKEN IN TOW AT DOUARNENEZ, NEAR BREST, AFTER DEVELOPING ENGINE TROUBLE JUST OFF THE BRITTANY COAST: Mrs. Ann Davison, a thirty-eight-year-old British authoress, who was hoping to cross the Atlantic alone, was forced to put in at Douarnenez for a few days while repairs were made to her yacht. In this picture her 23-ft. Bermuda-rigged yacht is seen being taken in tow by the French fishing-vessel *Feud les Vagues*. Mrs. Davison, who had sailed from Plymouth, later hoped to continue her journey to Florida. Three years ago she started out with her husband in their 70-ft. ketch *Reliance* on a voyage to America, where they had planned to live. After travelling only a short distance from the English coast the ketch was sunk by heavy seas off Portland Bill, and Mr. Davison was drowned. Mrs. Davison described her experiences in a book entitled *Last Voyage*, published earlier this year.

MISTS AND MASTS—A MIDSUMMER MORNING ON BARTON STAITHE: Holiday yachts seen at their moorings during the Broadland holiday season when as many as 100,000 yachtsmen come from all parts of Britain to cruise in these waters. There are Broads yachts to suit all needs. Reed thatch and reed-fringed waterways make picturesque and well-cushioned moorings on every Broadland river.

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE BROADS

APPROACHING LUDHAM BRIDGE FROM HORNING: A sailing-craft on the River Ant seen from the top of the windmill at Ludham, situated in the very heart of the Norfolk Broads and near the junction of several waterways.

MOORED OUTSIDE THE PLEASURE BOAT INN ON HICKLING BROAD: In the foreground are two typical Broadland craft, easy to sail and surprisingly roomy within. Hickling lies in the north-eastern area of Broadland.

On right—

MOORED BESIDE THE WINDMILLS AT LUDHAM: A typical holiday scene in the Norfolk Broads. Sailing-craft on the Broads are adapted, designed and built in every particular to suit the waters they sail upon, and the holiday crews that man them. Their rigging is simplified and efficient, although carrying ample canvas for lively sailing.

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE NORFOLK BROADS, FROM BECCLES IN THE SOUTH TO SUTTON BROAD IN THE NORTH, A NETWORK OF WATERWAYS COVERING NEARLY 200 SQUARE MILES: How this series of tidal lagoons came into being, and how they have been developed as a great holiday area, are described by John May in his article, in which he also describes the future of Broadland as a National Park. The fact that holiday sailors have been robbed of half their Broads is not as widely known perhaps as it should be. The problem revolves round the question of what is and what is not tidal water. *—Drawn by Leslie S. Haywood.*

THE NORFOLK BROADS AS A NATIONAL PARK

A Survey of the Vexed Position on the Norfolk Broads Which, Even in their Shrunken State, Remain a Paradise for Yachtsmen—How Public Action May One Day Solve the Problem of the Closed Broads

By JOHN MAY

IN white- and red-sailed yachts that skim the sunlit waters bowing gracefully to the breeze, and in luxury motor-cruisers that glide with a smoothness unapproached by the most luxurious of limousines, 100,000 holiday yachtsmen from all over Britain will cruise this year on the Norfolk Broads. Probably few of them will pause to think that if it were not for near-by Great Yarmouth, the 200 miles of interconnected lakes and waterways that form the Broads would not be there at all.

When Julius Cæsar first set sail for Britain most of what is now Broadland was open to the ocean. Two large islands, Flegg to the north and Lothingland farther south, guarded a wave-filled estuary four miles wide where Yarmouth crowds now bask on summer sands. Then the sea swept a shingle barrier southwards across the estuary. Yarmouth rose like Venus from the waves, and the rivers from Wroxham and Norwich turned southwards to find a way past the sandbank. They flooded out in the upper reaches, and Broadland was born.

To convert the resulting marshland into pastures for cattle, the rivers were banked and then drained by windmills on the Dutch method. Passing yachts still sail at levels above the meadows in many places, but now most of the wind-pumps are mere ruined brick towers. Roland Green, the bird artist of Hickling Broad, transformed one into a glass-topped "lighthouse" studio, and Miller's Mill, on the Bure River, was made into a dwelling by the author of the Broads classic "Seen From a Windmill." A few remain in good condition. A "cloth mill" with canvas-covered sails still works at St. Olave's. The White Mill at Thurne Dyke and the mill on Horsey Mere are well-preserved. But the work of pumping water from the pastures into the rivers is achieved prosaically with steam, electricity and internal combustion engines.

Upstream from the windmills, much of the water flows through chalk. Miniature white cliffs can be seen, for example, above Postwick Marshes, on the River Yare. Like lime on a garden, the chalk keeps the waterways sweet, and as a result vegetation grows apace. Reeds, willow and buckthorn quickly colonise any unused waterway, and along the riverside there is a rond (or "rand"—a word obviously allied to "strand") of reed and sedge, with a floating flap of "hover" at its edge. Thus, conditions are ideal for all types of creature from the heron and the shy "booming" bittern to the yachting animal, who is attracted by the cushioned banks and relatively shallow water (it is possible to walk ashore after falling in). The fact that this is the sunniest part of Britain attracts also the scantily clad female of the yachting animal, with her characteristic dark glasses, and—as an appropriately colourful companion—the swallowtail butterfly.

Before the holiday yachtsman began his seasonal migration to Broadland, the Norfolk wherry was supreme in these waters. In design the hull, with its long, swooping sheerline, was obviously derived from the Viking ships that once raided these shores. Its single mainsail carried no boom, and its mast was a thick, counter-weighted tree without shrouds, which could be lowered and raised again by one man for passing under the low Broads bridges. But with the exception of the *Albion*, a sailing wherry put back into service by the Wherry Trust, wherries to-day are either motorised or converted into pleasure boats. Once the sole means of Broadland transport, they were ousted by railways and motor transport. But old-time wherrymen abound still in Broadland: "Rinso" Varley, at the Yarmouth Yacht Station, is one, and Bill Yaxley, who wears gold ear-rings and runs a hole-in-the-wall inn at the little harbour of Barton Turf, is another.

The wherries and windmills were still part of the Broads scene when a tall, bearded boat-builder named John Loynes set out from Norwich one day in mid-Victorian times with a small sailing-boat on a handcart.

(*Concluded on page 382*)

THE WHITE MILL AT THURNE DYKE: This is one of the best-loved of the windpumps that reclaimed Broadland pastures from the marshes. The dyke is a favourite mooring for holiday craft, leading from the River Thurne to the scattered village of the same name. A century ago hundreds of mills made an English Holland of the limitless flat landscape of this part of the Broads. To-day water from the drainage dykes that criss-cross the riverside pastures is pumped into the embanked rivers by Diesel engines in neat red-brick engine-houses. "The trouble with a windmill is that you don't always get wind with your wet," says Arthur Dove, the Horsey millman. But picturesque Norfolk windmills, in all stages from well-preserved to derelict, still dot the vast Broadland landscape with their brick towers. A few are working, and others have been converted into private dwellings.

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE BROADS

Special "Sphere" Drawings by Winston Megoran

On right—

OULTON BROAD YACHT STATION: This is the nearest approach to the open sea that Broads pleasure craft can make. Winston Megoran drew this picture only a few yards from Mutford Lock, which connects the broad with the salt water of Lake Lothing, leading to Lowestoft Harbour, little more than a mile away by water. Hundreds of pleasure boats assemble here to enjoy both the seaside and the broad. The park behind the yacht station has a swimming-pool, baths, tennis court, bowling green, bandstand for outdoor dancing, and a children's playground. The Lowestoft and Oulton Broad Motor Boat Club is the largest in Britain, and the thrilling speedboat racing on the broad is watched by thousands. Its 95 acres also provide ideal sailing, and there are half-a-dozen large boatyards centred here. Opposite the yacht station there is a towering flour mill, not unpicturesque as a background to craft moored to buoys, and farther west on the same side of the broad are large private houses, with green lawns running down to the water.

On left—

COLDHAM HALL, ON THE WIDE RIVER YARE: This ancient inn, once visited by Queen Anne, has its own boatyard, and a rowboat ferry summoned by handbell. Twinkly-eyed old Billy Breach, the landlord, swam the river as a young man to fetch the ferry on nights when nobody heard him ringing the bell. The Norwich Frostbite Sailing Club holds one of the earliest regattas of the year at Coldham Hall.

On right—

REED AND WATERWEED ENCROACH CONTINUALLY ON NAVIGABLE BROADS WATERWAYS: Weed-cutters, with stern paddle-wheel and an underwater cutter bar forward, have reclaimed all of Rockland Broad, parts of Barton Broad and many other stretches of water. But some broads have completely disappeared, and to restore them all would cost £1,000,000.

The Norfolk and Suffolk Broads and rivers to-day offer the holiday yachtsman 200 miles of interconnected lakes and waterways to cruise upon, through the sunniest part of Britain. Situated in a triangle between Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft and Norwich, there are five rivers—the Thurne, Ant, Bure, Yare and Waveney. A hire fleet of some 800 yachts and motor cruisers, owned by forty boatyards, provide self-skippered holidays afloat for six months of the year for people from all over the country. Everything bar food and clothing is supplied on the boats, including crockery, cutlery, cooking utensils, blankets, sheets, pillows and curtains, and a supply of fresh drinking water. Most of the craft have gas cooking and electric light, and all have a W.C. on board. The berths convert into settees by day. A few of the biggest cruisers even have baths, with hot and cold water; others more modest, nevertheless have the essentials for two people. Broadland is rich with history, but in the last fifty years private enclosures and the encroachments of weeds have robbed the holiday yachtsman of more than half of his rightful heritage. When the Broads become a National Park, a fulfilment to which so many people look forward, it is hoped that these "stolen waters" will be reopened.

POTTER HEIGHAM BRIDGE, ON THE RIVER THURNE, IS SCHEDULED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT AND IS THEREFORE UNTOUCHABLE, ALTHOUGH MANY WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT REMOVED, RAISED OR BY-PASSED: Similar mediæval humpy-backed bridges previously existed at Acle and Ludham, and Wroxham still has one—fortunately higher than Potter Heigham's. The function of their narrow arches was originally to restrict the effect of the tides on the North Broads. To-day the single-line roadway over Potter Heigham bridge is controlled by traffic lights, and at the height of last season the bridge cost boat-owners more than £500 weekly in damage to craft attempting to pass through. To reduce this risk, a pilot system is now operated. To the left of the view above, Winston Megoran has drawn one of the sailing wherries which once traded all over the Broads, their single huge sail and mast being readily lowered and raised for passing under such bridges as Potter Heigham's.

On left—

ON THE RIVERS OF THE SOUTH BROADS THERE ARE SIX RAILWAY SWING BRIDGES: Somerleyton Swing Bridge, shown here, is at the point where the Yarmouth-Lowestoft line crosses the River Waveney for the second time, south of St. Olaves. Yachts wishing to sail through wave to the bridgekeeper, who opens up when the line is clear. The bridge is automatically locked when a train is due.

On right—

ST. BENETS ABBEY IS PERHAPS THE BEST-KNOWN OF BROADLAND LANDMARKS: One arch, founded by Canute, still stands on the promontory of gravel that juts between the Rivers Ant, Thurne and Bure. The tower is a windmill built into the ruins two centuries ago, but now derelict. The blue flag of the launch in the foreground tells the business of the man at the wheel. Each river has two inspectors, responsible to the harbour-master at Gorleston.

BREYDON WATER IS AN INLAND SEA FIVE MILES LONG, STRETCHING FROM THE CONFLUENCE OF THE RIVERS YARE AND WAVENEY TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF GREAT YARMOUTH: At high tide it appears almost a mile wide, its waters contained by stone-lined floodbanks. But at low tide it is merely a channel between weed-festooned red and black guide posts, about fifty each side, with cormorants perched atop, and numerous other waterfowl on the shining mud stretching away on either side. Occasionally pleasure craft venture outside the posts and go aground. They have to wait for the next tide to float them off. Freighters and coasters of around 500 tons cross from Yarmouth to plough their way slowly up the River Yare to the Port of Norwich. For such craft the dredgers maintain a deep channel 90 ft. wide and 12 to 14 ft. deep. Breydon Water was the richest hunting-ground of old-time wildfowlers, and using a swivel gun in a punt, one of them once killed sixty birds at a single shot. No firearms of any kind are allowed on hire craft to-day, and the birds of Broadland are now becoming increasingly tame.

The NORFOLK BROADS as a NATIONAL PARK

(*Concluded from page* 379)

He pushed it to Wroxham bridge, eight miles away, and launched it in the heart of the Broads. He launched, indeed, the whole pleasure-boat industry of Broadland. Soon Loynes had premises next to the bridge, and other boat-builders set up alongside him. Britain's national pastime of "messing about in boats" was taking hold, and Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* was the comic chronicle thereof.

Then, about the turn of the century a young accountant named Harry Blake took a holiday afloat on the Broads with other men from the tennis club he belonged to, and as a result set himself up as the London agent for Broads hire craft. The Norfolk and Suffolk Broads Yacht Owners' Association was formed, with about three dozen members, and began raising the standards of yachting comfort on the Broads—a process that has gone on without pause ever since. (I recently read a pamphlet from a boat-owner on other waters promising "Broads standards in the near future!")

During the war, Broads boatyards built little ships, and many Broads craft and sailors had been at Dunkirk. The Broads themselves were dotted with stakes and anchored yachts to prevent enemy sea-planes landing. Afterwards Harry Blake retired, the Association bought the agency, and by the happiest of chances secured H. F. "Jim" Brooker to run it.

A MOTOR CRUISER AT WROXHAM—THE "SARATOGA" PASSING ALONG THE WATERWAY DURING A SUMMER CRUISE: Wroxham, the "Queen of the Broads," is a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and possesses a good depth of water over practically the whole of its 120 acres. During the busier summer months hundreds of Broadland craft gather at Wroxham to race in several regattas.

Brooker knew the boat-owners from working as contact man for the Ministry of Supply on timber supplies. He knew the holiday business from managing a tourist agency pre-war. He had "Continental" standards of hospitality and service. The yacht owners could not have made a more fortunate choice of a manager for what was now Blakes (Norfolk Broads Holidays) Ltd., at 23-28, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

The hire fleet that Jim Brooker controls consists of 600 sailing yachts and motor cruisers, with every thing on board for self-skippered holidays afloat. The long raking yachts of Blake's young day, with two piratical attendants on board, have gone. A type of craft has been evolved that is ideally suited for the waterways of the Broads, and for amateur sailors who live on board for anything from a week to a month. All sailing yachts, for example, have cabin tops that lift when the craft are moored, giving them similar headroom of 6 ft. or so to that of the motor cruisers. Electric light and gas cooking are standard, with fresh-water, sinks, wash basins, and W.C. Settee berths are provided with sheets, blankets, pillows, and there are all the necessary crockery and cooking utensils on board.

The largest of the motor craft have baths with hot and cold water, and accommodate eight or ten people. The smallest runs at motor-cycle costs for fuel, and is known as "The Honeymoon Special." Ability to drive a car is sufficient background to handle most motor cruisers. There are yachts which will teach sailing to the novice who has never sailed before, and others which are speedy thoroughbreds for the expert. All have masts that are easily lowered for the bridges. Both motor cruisers and yachts have a shallow draught for Broadland cruising that makes them unsuitable for sea-going, but—despite the sneer of "ditch-crawling"—it is a fact that handling a craft on the winding waterways of the Broads teaches yachtsmanship more thoroughly in less time than sea-going yachting can ever do.

The descendants of old John Loynes, with other Norfolk stalwarts, are still building these boats. His grandson, Ernest, is a draughtsman at Broads-Haven, Potter Heigham, the biggest boatyard on the Broads, run by Herbert Woods, but is known to everyone as "John," after his grandfather. Jack Powles was a gamekeeper's son whose yard now dominates Wroxham. Alfred Ward lives beside his boatsheds at Thorpe St. Andrew in Thorpe Old Hall, a gracious sixteenth-century manor, once the summer residence of the Bishops of Norwich. At the same time, the lure of the Broads as a holiday playground has inevitably resulted in new blood being attracted into the industry.

Commander Ron Ashby, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., sold transport in China for twelve years, and took sailing holidays on the Broads when home on leave. After the war he bought the Hearts boatyard at Thorpe, on the Yare River, fulfilling an ambition that many Broads holiday yachtsmen dream about. His fleet is the only one on the Broads to be fitted with Diesel engines. Similarly attracted to the Broads, which he visited first in 1927, a tall, smiling Yorkshireman named Hagenback took over the business of Graham Bunn (Wroxham) Ltd. when war ended, and set about building up a luxury hire fleet of "windboats."

The "windboat" fleet of motor cruisers is not allowed to grow larger, because Hagenback makes a point of personally welcoming every holiday yachtsman who hires one of his craft. With Southgates of Horning, Ward of Thorpe, and a few others, he has set a new standard of appearance for boatyards, the usual sheds, slipways and tackle being replaced by smooth, well-tended riverside lawns. At the end of the season "windboat" hirers may buy the craft they have hired and the fleet thus remains in tiptop condition, with new boats being built every year. The Graham Bunn yard produces eight new boats annually, many of them seagoing Whirlwinds for private customers, but at competitive prices.

Hagenback is chairman of the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads Yacht Owners' Association, and also the Association's representative on the Broads Joint Advisory Planning Committee, which was formed to advise the Ministry of Town and Country Planning on turning the Broads into a national park. Lamentably slow progress is being made in this direction, and only the Association has made any real constructive contribution. Apathy and a bored contentment with the *status quo* characterises almost every other body of the score or so represented on this committee.

The Association's plan was to restore the Broads to their condition of twenty-five years ago. Even this was a huge task, involving tremendous amounts of dredging and weed-cutting, because waterways of this kind that are not continually maintained in good condition speedily deteriorate. The cost was estimated at £750,000, and when the Advisory Committee winced painfully at this figure, Hagenback and the Association came forward with a down-to-earth plan for raising the money by a *tax de sejour*.

The Yacht Owners' Association was already doing much, almost certainly more than many other parties drawing an income from the Broads. It maintained the yacht station at Great Yarmouth, the staithe at Ranworth, and moorings in the entrance to Cockshoot Broad; it labelled low bridges with cautions, and through its members and the Association's "A" flag provided a wherever-you-are service for holiday yachtsmen with any kind of trouble. At this present time the Association is completing the clearance and dredging of Rockland Broad, on the River Yare, one of the most beautiful of the lakes of Broadland, set with tiny islets and alive with heron, grebe, wild swans, coots and mallard.

Despite this work, more than half of the Broads waters that the old-time wherries once sailed over are now closed to holiday yachtsmen. Instead of 5,000 acres, there are only 2,000 of open water. The encroachments of Nature aided by the greediness of man have robbed the yachtsman of the other 3,000 acres of water. Dilham and Strumpshaw Broads have entirely disappeared. The same thing is happening to Martham and Surlingham Broads, which are fast becoming mere jungles of reed. Hickling and Barton have contracted cruelly, and Stalham Broad is a startling example of what can happen if Nature has her way. Fifty years ago it was the size of Oulton Broad, which is now one of the few in good condition, though it has lost a quarter of its area.

Abetting Nature in filching away the yachtsman's rightful heritage are landowners who "own" enclosed Broads which they dub "private." The truth is that tidal water in Britain is open to all, and the River Bure at Wroxham is tidal—as are the closed waters of Hudson's Bay, Hoveton Great Broad, Decoy Broad, Cockshoot Broad and Ranworth Broad. Judgment went wrong in 1892 when bribed witnesses in a case of alleged poaching "proved" that Hickling Broad was not tidal. The judge afterwards admitted he was misled, and during the 1914-18 war, when local men who would have fought for the ancient liberties of Broadland were away fighting in Flanders, these Broads were closed.

They have remained so, with one exception—Black Horse Broad, which was opened by an assault organised by Herbert Woods to provoke a test case. The other side refused to fight, and Black Horse is open for half the year for holiday yachtsmen to cruise upon—a clear hint of which way the tide flows! Elsewhere the technique of the "owners" of "private" broads seems to be to give away rights in what is not their own to sections of the community—waterworks, naturalists, anglers—in order to buy off the public in general. Fortunately such beautiful stretches of water as Hickling and Barton Broads are coming back to public ownership through such bodies as the National Trust.

The Broads, even in their shrunken state, remain a paradise for holiday yachtsmen. The holiday afloat is a series of miniature voyages from one attractive harbour to another, with country charm all around, and home comforts down below.

Broadland cannot escape becoming a unique National Park, with all the broads open as they should be. And if this does not come about through the present cumbersome machinery of apathetic committees, then in my opinion it will happen naturally by the public flooding out over the waterways of their own accord as the rivers flooded out in the first place to form the Broads. And who can blame them or stop them, if they do?

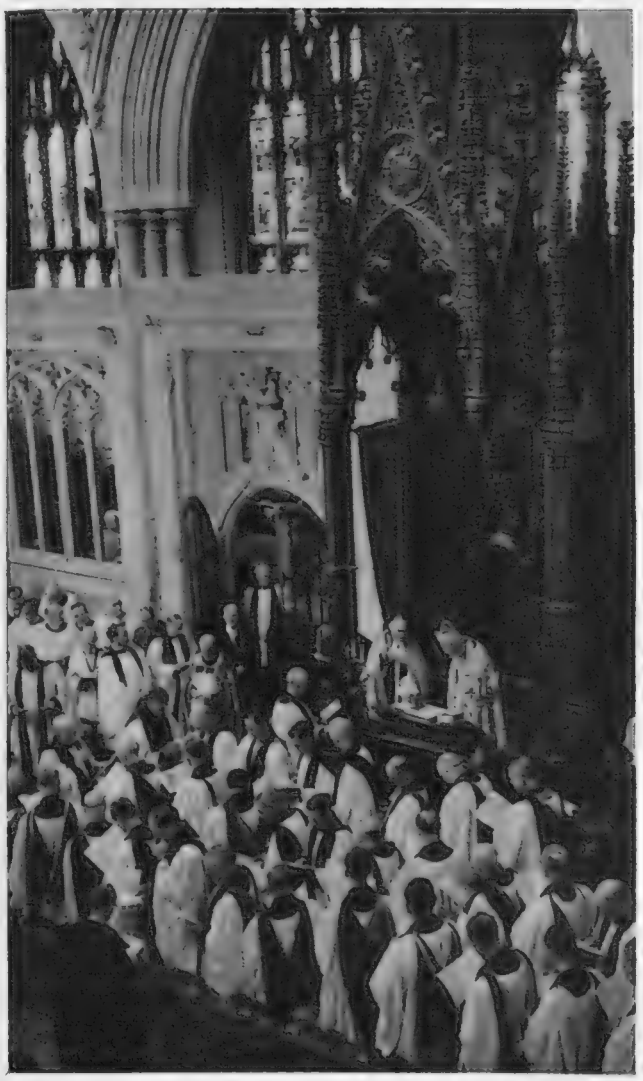
WINCHESTER'S NEW BISHOP

Dr. A. T. P. Williams, a Former Headmaster of Winchester College and Until Recently Bishop of Durham, is Enthroned as 92nd Bishop of the Diocese

THE NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER GOES IN PROCESSION TO HIS CATHEDRAL: The Right Rev. Alwyn Terrell Petre Williams, the first Bishop to be appointed by the Queen since her accession, now ranks third in seniority in the English Bishoprics. Before his translation from Durham he ranked second immediately after the Bishop of London, the Senior Diocesan Bishop in the two Provinces of Canterbury and York.

In the course of his address at the enthronement ceremony in Winchester Cathedral, the new Bishop, Dr. A. T. P. Williams, said that he had left a famous place in the story of English Christianity and one he had greatly loved, to be called to the same work in another great succession, and to feel that he was coming home to Winchester. Dr. Williams was referring to the fact that it was only eighteen years since he had left Winchester College, where he had been master, house-master and eventually Headmaster, to become Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Before proceeding to the Cathedral for last week's ceremony of Enthronement the Bishop was received at the church of St. Lawrence, where he was vested in cope and mitre. Then, according to the custom of at least 600 years, he left the church, closing the door behind him, and presented himself to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the city, representatives of St. Mary's College, and the city clergy. From there he proceeded to the Cathedral and, having gained entrance, was led to his throne and installed and inducted by the Archdeacon of Canterbury. Among those present in the Cathedral were the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire (the Duke of Wellington) and the High Sheriff (Colonel Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith). After the service a civic reception was held at the Guildhall.

THE NEW BISHOP SEEKS PERMISSION TO ENTER HIS CATHEDRAL AND THERE TO BE INDUCTED, INSTALLED AND ENTHRONED: The traditional three knocks on the West door were answered by the Dean and Chapter, who stood in readiness to receive the Bishop just inside the Cathedral. The enthronement ceremony was performed by the Archdeacon of Canterbury in the presence of the Archbishop of Thyateira, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in this country, and many civic representatives of Hampshire.



INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THE HOLY AND INDIVISIBLE TRINITY, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE ORIGINAL SAXON CHURCH, THE SHRINE OF ST. SWITHUN: *Left*—A view looking towards the stately stone reredos and showing the new Bishop standing at the High Altar and facing his diocesan clergy during the service. *Right*—The Venerable Alexander Sargent is seen conducting the ceremony of enthronement at the Bishop's throne, situated on the south side of the Presbytery.

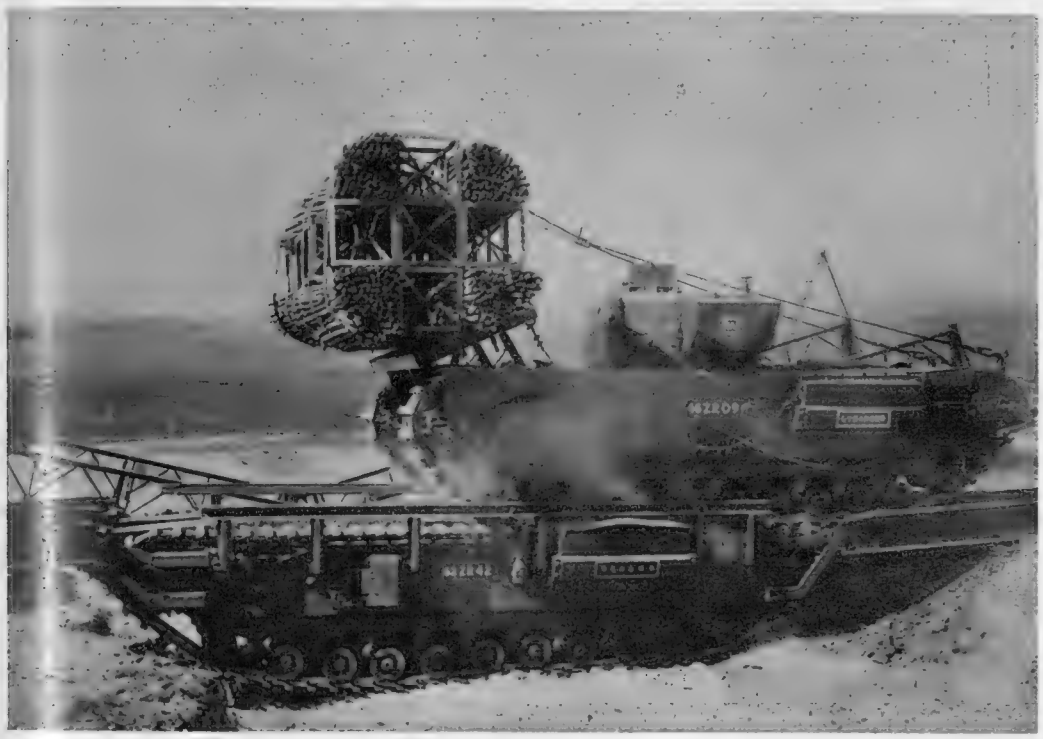
FROM ONE OF THE THOUSAND BRIDGES OF VENICE CITIZENS LOOK DOWN ON A DRIED CANAL, WHILE MEN ARE BUSILY ENGAGED ON REPAIR WORK TO PRESERVE ENDANGERED BUILDINGS: According to a surveyor's recent report, Venice is slowly crumbling into the sea from which it rose. One hundred and fifty sea-water canals, on the beds of which the "Queen of the Adriatic" is built, are relentlessly undermining thousands of buildings and threatening many of the city's treasures. Some areas are already so much affected that 3,761 dwellings, just at the water-line, would have to be completely demolished. Though temporary repair has been undertaken by the Government since 1937, no mass effort has ever been attempted. Now the Venetian City Council estimates an initial expenditure of £1,250,000 would repair much of the damage. The Council has asked the Italian Parliament for help in financing the scheme.

VENICE IN DANGER

Repairing Crumbling Foundations Along the Venetian Canals

THE PROGRESS OF REPAIRS IN VENICE: *Left*—Wearing long rubber boots, members of a team of workers drive piles into the bed of a canal from which the water has been drained. *Right*—Workers engaged in excavation preparatory to concreting operations. Excavated material is removed by a railway which has been set up along the dried canal bed. A network of Venetian canals requires this reinforcing, and the task of securing Venice from danger will take many years.

A BRIDGE-LAYING TANK IN ACTION DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK AT SIDBURY HILL, TIDWORTH, ON SALISBURY PLAIN: These two pictures show how a tank carrying a prefabricated, two-span bridge approaches a ditch, lays the bridge into position, and then crosses it. This is one of the numerous devices used to promote economy in man-power, time and materials. Military representatives from Commonwealth countries watched the demonstrations.



CO-OPERATION BETWEEN TANKS DURING LAST WEEK'S DISPLAY OF ARMOURED VEHICLES AT SIDBURY HILL: There are two tanks in this picture. The upper vehicle, carrying a fascine used for filling small ditches, is crossing a bridge formed by an "ark" bridging tank. The "ark" can bridge gaps up to 44 ft. wide.

"THE FUNNIES" ON SALISBURY PLAIN

Armoured Bridge-layers—"Funnies" as They were Called—Give an Impressive Demonstration

At Sidbury Hill, Tidworth, last week the 32nd Assault Engineer Regiment, R.E., gave an impressive display of the functions of Royal Engineers in the field. The display took place in a great open-air arena overlooked by an amphitheatre, both of which were constructed by the regiment for this purpose. Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Barron was in command.

Representatives of the Armies of the Commonwealth, the military attachés of several foreign countries and students of staff colleges of the British Army and of the Women's Royal Army Corps were among the spectators.

Many of the activities demonstrated were familiar to soldiers of the last war, but new methods of mine-laying, demolition, bridging and assault engineering were shown.

In the fully-mechanised units were the Sherman mine-exploding flail tanks and the "ark" tank, which lays itself as a bridge at the bottom of ditches and other similar obstacles which would impede the rapid advance of mobile columns. The usefulness of this device was amply demonstrated during the Allied assault on Italy during the last war.

Of quite a different nature was a demonstration of mine-detecting by the Army's dogs, trained by the Veterinary Corps. These remarkable animals are as efficient at their job as any mechanical mine-detector, but it has yet to be discovered how they manage to do it.

SHERMAN FLAIL TANKS TAKE PART IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS ON SALISBURY PLAIN: The picture above shows the heavy chain flails hanging loosely as the tank proceeds towards the mine-field. *On right*—Half-hidden in a black cloud of dust from the wildly whirling flails, a Sherman tank attacks a minefield during the demonstrations. There were also demonstrations by dogs trained in mine-detecting by the Army Veterinary Corps.

THE FAMOUS BRISTOL BASIN, STOLEN IN 1831 DURING THE PRE-REFORM BILL RIOTS AND CUT INTO 167 PIECES BY THE THIEF: The basin is to be displayed at Goldsmiths' Hall, City of London, in the Exhibition of Corporation Plate of England and Wales, starting on June 11. It is recorded that after the basin was stolen it was offered for sale to a silversmith who, suspecting the story that it was part of some old family plate, denounced the thief. The pieces were subsequently re-assembled into their old shape.

TREASURES FROM THE CITY OF NORWICH: This ewer and basin, dating from 1617, were given to Norwich in 1663 by Lord Henry Howard, seventh Duke of Norfolk. Howard was a staunch Protestant, Constable of Windsor Castle, and a member of the Privy Council.

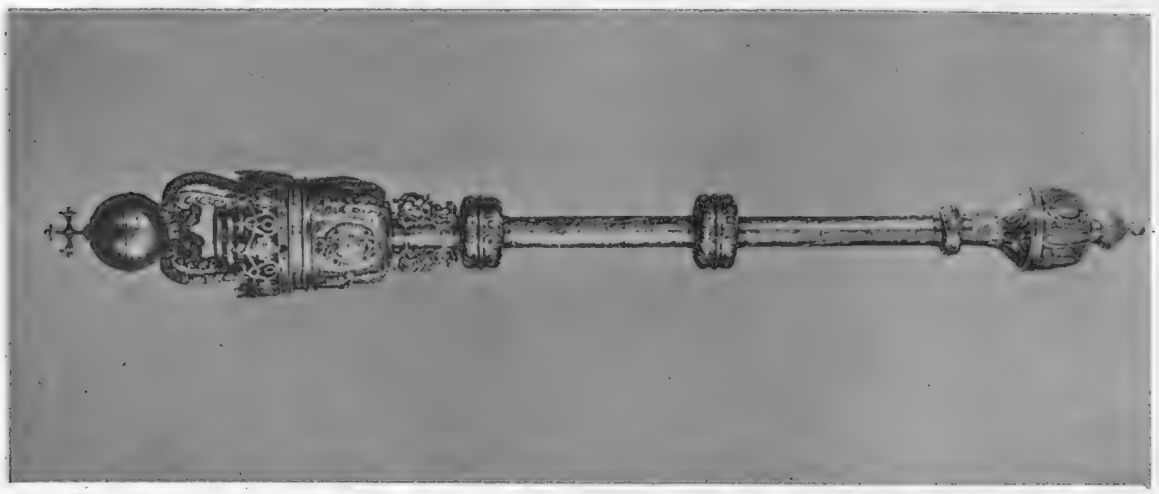
A STANDING CUP AND COVER FROM THE CITY OF OXFORD: This was given by Charles II to the Mayor of Oxford as his fee for serving as "boteler" at the Coronation.

AN ELIZABETHAN SALT FROM NORWICH: This fine specimen of Corporation plate dates from 1568 and was made by Peter Peterson. It stands just over 15 ins. in height.

TREASURES of CORPORATION PLATE of ENGLAND and WALES

Next Week's Exhibition, Which is to be Opened at the Goldsmiths' Hall, in the City of London

THE BRISTOL FLAGON OF 1634: This was presented to the Corporation by John Dodridge, Recorder of Bristol, in 1658. It is being shown at the Goldsmiths' Hall, together with the Bristol basin and the Bristol Sword of 1373.



THE MARLBOROUGH MACE: This gilt mace made in 1652 bears the inscription, "The freedom of England by God's blessing restored, 1662." The inscription referred originally to the advent of the Commonwealth, but the date 1662 was added later to pay tribute to the restoration of Charles II. Maces were used originally to keep crowds in order, for which purpose they had blades on one end and a small knob on the other end for handling. Later the fighting became less important than the ceremonial, and the maces came to be held by the blade end, while the handle knob swelled to hold a coat-of-arms.

Tribute is often paid to the historic traditions of the City of London, and, indeed, to the civic traditions of corporations throughout the country, but the facts of their colourful history are little enough known to most of us. The exhibition of Corporation Plate which opens on June 11 at Goldsmiths' Hall, in London, provides a unique opportunity to see the treasures of the corporations in a setting of appropriate splendour.

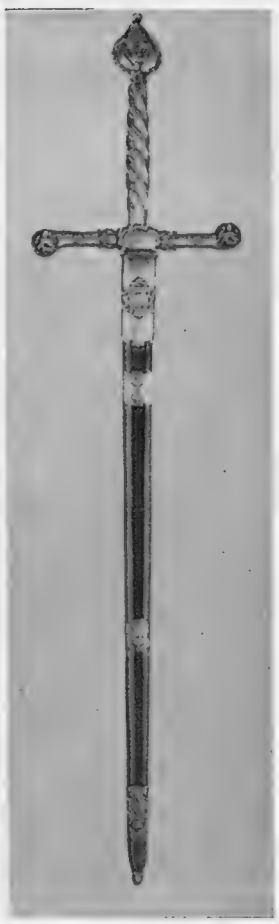
The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, which has organised the exhibition, draws its title from the charter given it by Edward III in 1327. It is a City Livery Company which grew up in the Middle Ages, partly as a religious fraternity, partly as a social fellowship and partly as a sort of Trades' Union and Employers' Federation for its craft of silversmithing. For nearly 800 years the Company has been developing and acquiring different interests in the arts, in property, finance, charity and education, but it has always retained as its central activity an intimate connection with the craft and trade whose name it bears. It takes a keen interest in the training of silversmithing students, both through apprenticeship schemes and in the art schools, and it has the statutory duty of seeing that sterling silver sold in the shops is made of the right alloy. Silver is stamped or "assayed" in Goldsmiths' Hall with the leopard's head device, which has been the Goldsmiths' mark ever since 1300, and it is interesting to find that the word "hall-mark," which is now so generally used to mean a guarantee of quality, had its origin in the Hall, where it is still applied for its original purpose. Besides these the Company has various functions, both official and semi-official, connected with the sale of antique silver and with the coinage of the realm.

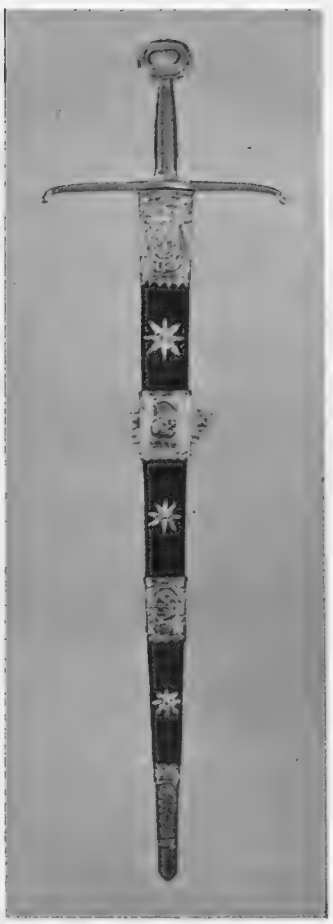
The splendid ceremonial rooms at the Hall date mostly from 1835, when this, the fourth successor to the old fourteenth-century Hall, was completed. They will contain exhibits ranging from the oldest—Bristol City's Mourning Sword of 1373 (decorated with a skull and crossbones, and carried before the Lord Mayor on solemn occasions) to the newest—a mace still being made and shortly to be presented to Berwick-on-Tweed. The antique plate exhibited testifies to the great past of

STAMFORD'S ELEGANT PUNCH BOWL AND LADLE : This was the gift to the Corporation of Charles Bertie, who represented Stamford in Parliament in 1678 and 1685. Like most pieces of antique Corporation plate, it was used originally for drinking purposes.

THE SHREWSBURY TANKARD OF 1660, MADE IN HAMBURG AND GIVEN TO THE CITY BY ROBERT, LORD CLIVE (1725-74), VICTOR OF PLASSEY AND GOVERNOR OF BENGAL : Clive returned from India in 1760 and became M.P. for Shrewsbury, serving the city until his death in 1774.

THE PORTSMOUTH STANDING CUP OF 1606 : It was purchased from a bequest of Sir Benjamin Berry, Deputy Governor of Portsmouth. It is inscribed, "This sweete berry from benjamin did falle then goode sir benjamine berry it call."





THE STATE SWORD OF THETFORD (*left*) AND THE MOURNING SWORD OF BRISTOL (*right*) : The Thetford Sword was given by Sir Joseph Williamson, First Secretary of State to King Charles II. He was a prominent citizen of the City of London, where many of his gifts are retained. He also gave much to Queen's College, Oxford. He was second President of the Royal Society, and a friend of Pepys, who often refers to him in his Diary (e.g., "A pretty understanding and accomplished man but a little conceited"). The Mourning Sword of Bristol has been used as such since 1670, but it was originally acquired as a State sword in 1373. It is the oldest piece in the exhibition at the Goldsmiths' Hall and will, no doubt, attract much attention among visitors.

THE IPSWICH CUP : This was the gift of Sir W. Thomson, one of the Barons of the Exchequer and Recorder of London and Ipswich, who, as Solicitor-General in 1719, was dismissed for bringing an unfounded charge of corruption against the Attorney-General.

THE EVESHAM CUP AND DISH OF 1659, MARKING THE RETURN OF THE STUARTS TO THE THRONE : This was the gift of George Carew, evidently to commemorate the Restoration of the Monarchy. Evesham received its first charter in 1604, and a second charter in 1605, which, after being superseded, was restored in 1688 and still remains the governing charter of the borough.

the silversmiths' craft, while the few carefully-chosen modern pieces show that the craft is still vigorously alive and worthy of comparison now with any period in its history. In fact, one of the Company's objects in arranging the exhibition is to draw public attention to fine modern ceremonial plate, which is so much in need of patronage by large institutions now that private citizens can no longer often afford it. It is proper that the Company should have staged this great display of gold and silver at the Hall, traditional home of the craft.

There will be nearly 300 exhibits lent by over 100 corporations, and almost every piece has some graphic story behind it. One can trace through them the motives which led local personages to make their gifts—sometimes, perhaps usually, it was just natural pride and the donor's wish to have his name and worldly position perpetuated in the corporation which he served; sometimes it was a gift made to excuse the donor from some high office to which he was called but which he felt he did not want; and sometimes the plate was acquired to commemorate some great event in the Corporation's history. The insignia of office, though, the swords and maces and oars which are the symbols of royal authority, and the badges of office worn by the mayors themselves or by the "waits"—the town musicians—or the watchmen or the criers, and the peculiar objects like a silver oyster gauge of 1804 from Colchester, or a silver racing bell of 1600 from Carlisle—these all tell of local customs and distinctions which are too much forgotten now in the bigger cities of our industrial age.

Since those days, when the plate of one corporation (Boston) was sold, since it was said by the councillors to be an emblem of past "drunkenness, gluttony and pride," corporations have had to do a good deal more governing, and to enjoy much less of good living than they had been used to formerly. Their plate is a happy symbol of local authority as opposed to central government in Whitehall, and is now usually displayed locally with the ceremonial it deserves. This exhibition allows for the first time some appreciation of the richness of the treasure which is normally produced locally only for great occasions, only for the local inhabitants.

A MASTER OF LANDSCAPE AND SEASCAPE

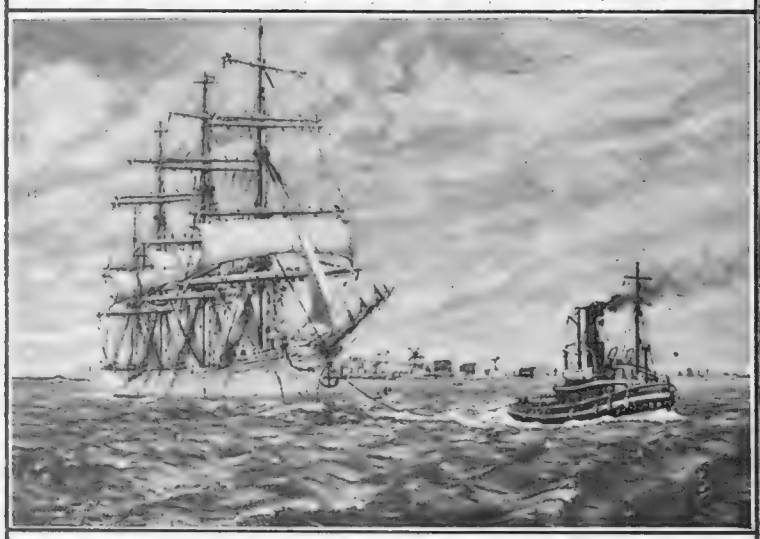
The Art of Claude Muncaster, R.W.S., R.O.I., at a One-Man Show of Recent Oils and Water-colours Opening in London on June 11

"COTTAGE AT THE FOOT OF BREDON HILL": This is one of the water-colours by Claude Muncaster in his exhibition of landscapes and seascapes forming the one-man show which is to be opened at the Fine Art Society Ltd., 148, New Bond Street, on Wednesday, June 11. Quite a large part of the exhibition includes a fine series of Kerry landscapes.

"PORTUGUESE LIGHTERS IN LISBON OLD HARBOUR": Here Mr. Muncaster shows the picturesque and colourful craft drawn up by the circular quay.

"SHOWERY EVENING UP THE INNY VALLEY": A County Kerry scene.

"ABOVE GRANGE-OVER-SANDS": A Lancastrian landscape.



"VIKING ON TOW OFF FLUSHING": A seascape from the Dutch coast, with the water whipped by half a gale. *On right*—**"THAME, IN OXFORDSHIRE":** Looking along the village street towards the church.

Readers of THE SPHERE are well acquainted with the art of Claude Muncaster, R.W.S., R.O.I., one of our most talented and prolific artists both in the realms of oil painting and water-colour painting. Mr. Muncaster's one-man show, due to open next week at 148, New Bond Street, will reflect the wide range of his work and of his experience. Mr. Muncaster, still on the right side of fifty, has had an adventurous career. He has rolled round the Horn in the four-masted barque *Olivebank* and gone trawling amid autumn equinoctial gales in the inhospitable region of Rockall, and he has indeed travelled all over the world in search of inspiration for his painting.

One of his most memorable experiences was sailing back to Cardiff from Australia in the famous Finnish barque *Olivebank*, on which he found a job as a deck hand. In the little time he had when not scrubbing decks or when not engaged on other chores, Mr. Muncaster made voluminous notes on rigging and sailing generally, and his reputation for marine pictures is an indication of just how much he learnt on that hard trip. Some of those experiences are recorded in his book *Rolling Round the Horn*.

Mr. Muncaster has been round the world several times, and while he was serving in the Royal Navy in the last war he was asked to organise a sea camouflage unit for the Admiralty. This job took him into nearly every sea.

He volunteered and joined the R.N.V.R. in 1937 and was called up a few months after the outbreak of war. While serving in the Northern Patrol off Iceland he contracted pneumonia. It was then the Admiralty wanted an expert on camouflage.

Being a painter, Mr. Muncaster was naturally an expert on colour relationships, and he was put in charge of this new venture. He and his team had to experiment with different colours on different ships in various waters and shades of light. After a great deal of scientific tabulation he and his team advised the different commanders what colour to paint their ships. He overworked at this, became very ill, and was invalided out in 1945 with the rank of lieutenant-commander.

Shortly after the war Mr. Muncaster was commissioned to paint for the late King, and he stayed with the Royal Family for a fortnight at Balmoral.

Mr. Muncaster first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1919 at the age of sixteen, and he has been exhibiting there consistently ever since. In all, he has painted over 1,100 water-colours and studies for exhibition, and about 250 oil paintings.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE GO SALMON FISHING

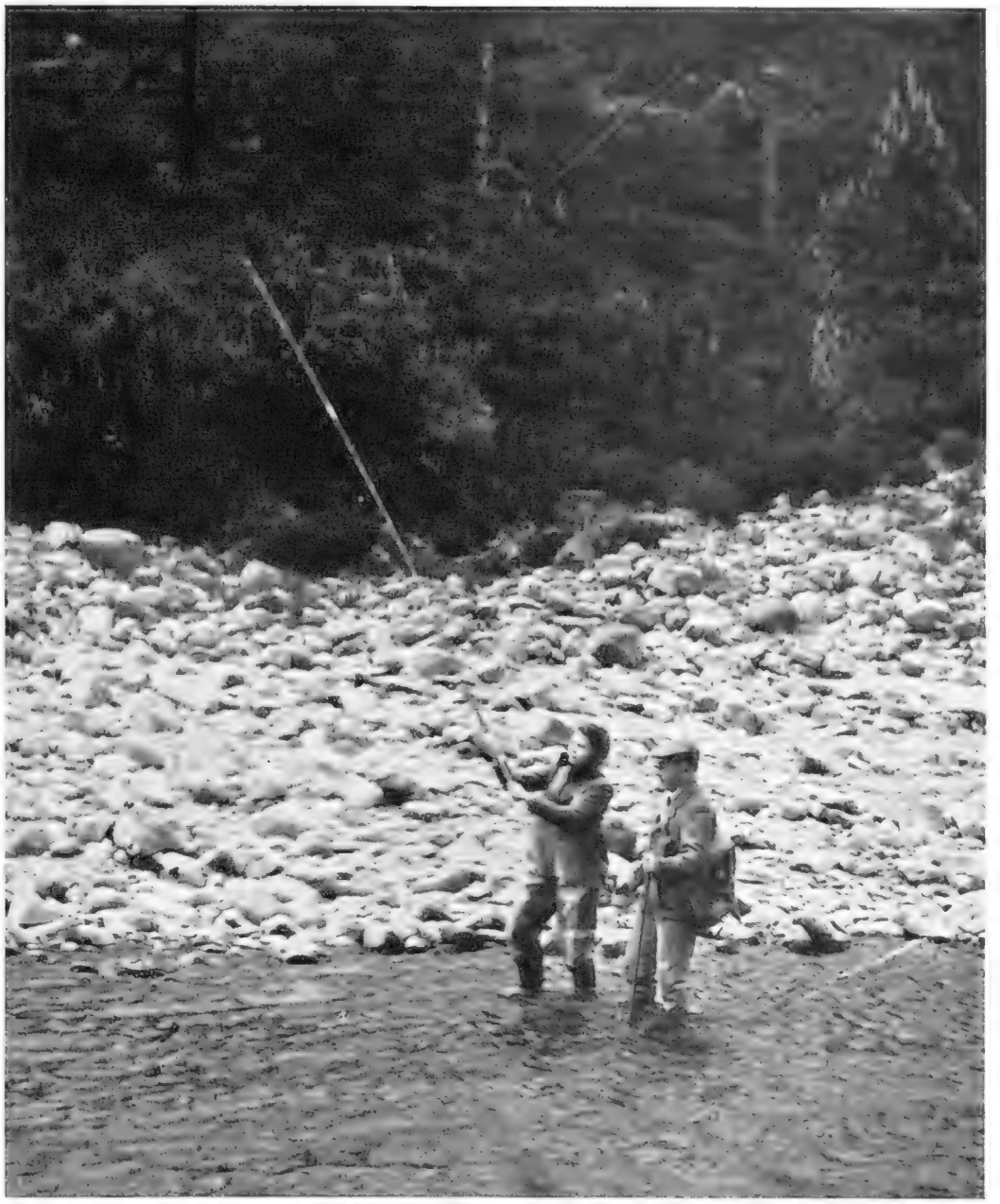
THE ROYAL HOLIDAYMAKERS FISH IN SOME OF THE FAVOURITE POOLS ON THE BALMORAL ESTATE

THE ROYAL STANDARD FLIES OVER BALMORAL CASTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE NEW REIGN: One of the Royal officials can just be seen standing on the turret as he hoists the standard following the arrival of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne for a holiday. The Royal Family travelled by train as far as Ballater and thence journeyed over to Balmoral by car.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH FISHING FOR SALMON IN ONE OF THE POOLS OF THE RIVER DEE: The Duke, wearing waders, seen in search of the salmon which have been particularly elusive on the upper reaches of the Dee this season. The Queen fished farther upstream.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE BOARD THE ROYAL DAIMLER: The Prince and Princess at Ballater, where they arrived with their father and mother after the 600-mile journey.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL GAZES AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE SHINING BODYWORK OF THE ROYAL DAIMLER: He was about to step inside the car at Ballater. Princess Anne follows close behind.



THE QUEEN, WEARING WADERS, A TWEED JACKET AND HEADSCARF, FISHES FOR SALMON IN ONE OF THE POOLS OF THE DEE: Both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are keen anglers of some experience, and were looking forward to several days' fishing in the course of their stay.

THIS IS THE ETONIAN WAY OF LIFE

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES AT ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST PUBLIC SCHOOLS

ETONIANS LEAVING CHAPEL: This picture has a special unexpected significance, for the buttresses of the chapel are a reminder to all Etonians that their own particular brand of fives derives from playing a ball up against these particular walls, hence the importance of the "pepper-box" in this highly popular public-school game. In the picture reproduced *below, on left*, a game of Eton Fives is seen in progress, the "pepper-box" lying to the left.

One half of the world may not know how the other half lives, and it is even true to say that one part of Eton does not really know how the other part lives; for this famous College is made up of two very distinct elements, the Collegers on the one hand, a distinguished, erudite minority of scholars, and the Oppidans on the other, the gay hedonists who assimilate their culture in more leisurely fashion.

Collegers and Oppidans live lives that are very clearly distinct, and it is only at such times as the great St. Andrew's Day wall game, when, if the weather be foul and all are clothed in mud from head to foot, that these differences are submerged—submerged in a game of which very few people know the rules and which very seldom seems to produce any clear-cut result. The wall game is, indeed, one of the many mysteries of Eton, and these pictures which take us behind the scenes at the famous College evidence just how complex is the Etonian way of life. Perhaps they tell us little more. To comprehend the whole vast organisation in a brief pictorial survey is obviously not possible. To understand the manners and customs of Eton would require a whole volume. But it is apparent from these pictures how Etonians go about their daily business, learning through fagging and through commanding fags, what responsibility means; through a rigid time-table what punctuality demands; and through their daily contacts the implications of a great tradition.

LEAVING EARLY-MORNING SCHOOL: This starts at 7.30 a.m and is preceded by cocoa and followed by breakfast. If the mast fails to arrive within twenty minutes of the scheduled time for th start of a class, the boys are entitled to "a run," which means hat they can all go back to their houses. To Etonians this is a rare and wonderful thing, not to be relied upon and not to be noise abroad.

THE GAME OF ETON FIVES: Players in action on the court, and on the left the "pepper-box," where the ball can be neatly killed. Eton Fives has a wide following, and even Harrovians play it with zest. Horny hands and a good eye are the main essentials, also agility in avoiding one's opponents on the court.

THE FAG, EVER ON THE RUN: All fags have to run to the call of "Boy!", but they also have fag masters. There is a hierarchy of fags, the highest being the Library Fags, followed by the House Captains' Fags.

THIS IS THE HOUSE LIBRARY, IN THE EYES OF A NEWCOMER TO ETON THE CENTRE OF PRIVILEGE AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF A HIGHLY-ORGANISED OLIGARCHY: Four to six members hold sway in the Library in each house at Eton. Books are incidental; canes are well to the fore; and the call of "You are wanted in the library" can have a dread significance to the young and impressionable Etonian.

THE COLLEGE DINING-ROOM WHERE SEVENTY COLLEGERS DINE TOGETHER: The Collegers represent a world apart from the rest of Eton—in fact, the original foundation of Henry VI. Collegers are known as "Tugs." In hall there is much ceremonial, the meals being accompanied by Latin graces, and the procedure is in many ways parallel with that of an Oxford college. The Provost often dines with the Collegers. He would never dine in other houses except as a private guest of a House Tutor.

SUNDAY MORNING "PRIVATE": This is an Eton institution which provides special contact between the House Tutor and some of the junior boys in his house. Five or six of them may assemble in the Tutor's study and together they will, from Sunday to Sunday, read a specially-chosen book; it might be one of the works of John Buchan or Charteris. It would certainly not be heavy going. The House Tutor's wife often takes one of these "classes." Always they are held on the private side of the house.

...EADS OF ...E ETON HIERARCHY EMERGING AFTER MORNING CHAPEL: On the left, n... the Chaplain, is the Vice-Provost, Mr. A. P. Conybeare. On the rig... the Headmaster, Mr. Birley, is seen talking to the Provost, Mr. C. ...A. Elliott. In all there are about eighty assistant masters at Eton. ...e Provost is chairman of the Governing Body, which includes the Ea... of Halifax and also the Provost of King's College, Cambridge.

...A IS THE MAIN MEAL OF THE DAY AND IT IS SUPPLIED BY THE BOYS THEMSELVES: Breakfast, lunch and dinner are taken in hall, but tea is held in the rooms and friends mess together. Anything from pheasants to corn-on-the-cob are eaten, not to mention prodigious quantities of jam. The meal is either prepared by the tea fags or brought steaming hot by the fags from one of Eton's sock shops. Fags have their tea later, and it is not good form to call for their services at this time.

THE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL (LEFT) TALKING TO A FELLOW-MEMBER OF POP, AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE STATUE OF HENRY VI, THE FOUNDER OF ETON COLLEGE: The Head Boy is always a Colleger and an ex-officio member of Pop (the Eton Society). As opposed to the Head of the school is the Captain of the Oppidans, also a member of Pop, whose position carries greater prestige than the Head Boy, even though he might not be anywhere near senior boy in the school. The Captain of the Oppidans plays a leading role in social functions. The members of Pop wear fancy waistcoats. These waistcoats, sometimes of tiger skin, are handed down from one member to the next.

THIS IS A BRITISH PRISON

The Falfield "Minimum Security" Prison, which was Opened Nearly a Year Ago

In spite of persistent criticism from certain sections of the public, the system of open prisons—"minimum security" prisons is the current jargon—continues to flourish. The pictures on this page were taken recently at the Falfield open prison in Gloucestershire. Falfield Prison accommodates about 170 first-offenders and adjoins another open prison called Leyhill. During the war an American Army hospital occupied the site at Leyhill and the Admiralty made use of the mansion, which has been refurbished and converted into Falfield Prison. Open prisons have for many years been used in America, certain of the Dominions and, more recently, Sweden. Open Borstals have been a feature of the English Borstal system since 1930. Reformers believe that the value of such prisons is that they provide the best conditions for effecting the primary purpose of imprisonment, which is to protect society from crime. The conventional cellular prisons, with their high, grim walls, are not the best places where men may be taught responsibility and self-respect, and while the dangerous and hardened criminal must languish in his cell until more effective methods of dealing with him are found, the open prison is thought the best assurance that the first-offender does not a second time appear before the courts. Only time and the careful analysis of statistics will tell

PRISONERS AT WORK IN THE GARDEN OF THE "MINIMUM SECURITY" PRISON AT FALFIELD, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: The prison, opened in July 1951, accommodates about 170. Most of the prisoners are in the first-offender class but later a minority who have already been to prison will be introduced.

On left—

TWO PRISONERS OF FALFIELD PRISON AT WORK IN THE WOODS: The woods were much neglected during the war and these men are clearing away the accumulation of dead timber. Just beyond the bushes in the background is the lake.

THE CARPENTER'S SHOP AT FALFIELD PRISON: Experience has shown that mitigation of the deformative effects of imprisonment and the training of offenders in self-respect and personal responsibility can be carried out much better under conditions like this than in the repressive atmosphere of a walled prison.

RELAXING IN THE QUIET ROOM OVERLOOKING THE FRONT LAWN OF FALFIELD PRISON: In the foreground two of the prisoners are smoking over a game of chess. Careful consideration is made of every aspect of the character and record of each prisoner before he is allowed the advantages of a prison like this.

TIDYING UP THE DORMITORY BEFORE THE START OF THE DAY'S WORK: Any prisoner who misbehaves himself in an open prison, or about whose reliability any doubt is felt, is sent back to a conventional prison.

NEW JETS IN AMERICA

The World's Largest Helicopter and the Swept-Wing Eight-Jet Bomber, which Have Been Built for the U.S. Air Force, Undergo Trials in California and Texas

THE **FIRST PICTURE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST HELICOPTER, THE JET-POWERED XH-17 :** This new, large, heavy-duty, jet-driven helicopter, details of which are still secret, has been built by the Howard Hughes Aircraft Company for service with the U.S. Air Force. When this picture was taken at Culver City, the helicopter was being prepared for ground tests. Designed for short-range moving of heavy military equipment such as tanks, the helicopter will straddle its cargo on stilt-like legs. The jets are installed in the tips of the vanes. The size of the helicopter may be gauged by the figures standing in the background.

Below—**THE NEW ALL-JET HEAVY BOMBER, THE CONVAIR YB-60, MAKES ITS DEBUT ON A TEST FLIGHT NEAR FORT WORTH :** Built by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Company at Fort Worth, the plane is said to be the largest of the new jet bombers built for the U.S. Air Force. The Air Force has disclosed that the wing-span of the bomber is 206 ft.; that its length is 171 ft. and that its tail assembly is 50 ft. high. The bomber is powered with eight Pratt and Whitney J.57 jets, claimed to be the most powerful jet engines in the world. Although other details of the new plane are still secret, the YB-60 is considered to be faster than the B 36.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

LAKE RESORTS OF SWITZERLAND AND NORTHERN ITALY

To Many English Holidaymakers they Provide the Ideal Change of Environment

TO many people a holiday beside some mountain-mirrored lake is not only the ideal change of environment, but it also provides the most effective of rest-cures. There is, indeed, something peculiarly appealing and mentally stimulating in the combination of majestic heights with their ever-changing cloud effects and the lovely blue of sun-speckled waters. Then in your chosen lakeside resort you can, at will, laze and bathe and make short water-excursions with a minimum of effort, while in some cases even the ascent of the local mountain is feasible by railway. But the hard way is really the most rewarding, and after a few days of rest there often comes the strong desire to climb to the summit on foot.

Nowhere in Europe does the lake-lover find a greater variety of waterside resorts than in Switzerland and Northern Italy. Switzerland alone has 1,484 lakes,

LUCERNE, A JUSTLY-FAMED TOURIST CENTRE—STEAMERS ON THE LAKE, AND IN THE BACKGROUND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS: The chief charm of Lake Lucerne is its diversity of scenery, some of it being wild and romantic, and all of it beautiful.

nine of them big enough to be blue spots on the map of the Continent. These include the ever-popular Lake Léman, Lake Lugano and Lake of Lucerne. Their popular centres, such as Lausanne and Montreux, Lugano and Lucerne, as well as Interlaken, which adjoins the lakes of Thun and Brienz, are so well known to British visitors that they hardly require further commendation from me. In all these resorts there are organised entertainments and excursions, while the frequently displayed signs of "English Spoken" indicate that your fellow-countrymen are seldom far off.

Yet, even on these famed lakes it is still possible to "invite your soul," for there are many smaller villages to which you can go. Their devotees, however, would hardly thank me if I publicised them, and my own suggestion for those who wish to stay in some favoured spot is to make a round-the-lake steamer trip, and thus to make one's own choice.

I feel no such restriction regarding the mention of some of the other, less-popular Swiss lakes. There is, for instance, Lugano's modest rival, Locarno, which, with its mild climate, has earned for itself the title of the "Nice of Switzerland." This pleasant resort lies in the small Swiss sector of Lake Maggiore, and from it excursions can easily be made by steamer to Stresa and the fascinating Borromean Islands, and to Milan. There are also leisurely trips available by local train or by post-bus into the near-by northern valleys of the Ticino, where you can find perfect escapist haunts. In most of these there is simple but adequate hotel accommodation.

Not far from Locarno is Ascona, an ancient little lakeside town, with a typically Italianate character. Here I lodged recently in the medieval but most comfortable Casa Tamaro, a friendly hotel, close to the water's edge. From my bedroom window I looked down on children playing in the shade, fishermen mending their nets, and women giving the first rinse to their laundry. In the distance, across the water, I kept on lifting my eyes to the magic of the mountains. Then, a few miles farther on, not far from the Italian frontier, is Brissago, a pleasant little resort, as well as being the centre for the manufacture of "Brissago" cigars, so much beloved by the Swiss smoker.

To the east of the Ticino is the neighbouring canton of the Grisons. Here you will find some of the loveliest little lakes not only in Switzerland but in all Europe. At Flims-Waldhaus, for instance, there is the perfect honeymoon centre, for this village nestles amidst the woods, with mountains for background and an ideal lake below. This is a lake that shimmers blue and golden in the sunlight, and where you can bathe and laze the hours away under a cloudless sky. Most of the hotels stand secluded in their own wooded parks, yet the place is not too quiet for those who desire a modicum of social life. The Park Hotel is one of the nicest in Switzerland; and I can also recommend the Schloss and the Waldeck, the latter being a typical Grisons inn.

To the south, in the Engadine, there are scores of quiet, unruffled little lakes awaiting exploration by the walker and the angler—for the fishing in this Alpine country may, without exaggeration, be described as inexhaustible. (The Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2, can supply you with a most helpful booklet, *Sportfishing in the Grisons*.) I know that one day I must return to this region if only to revisit the lovely Calvoccio Lake, which lies not far from Maloja (hotels), and also the seven little Jori lakes, each of them being of a different colour and taken in one sweep of the eye from the summit of the Jorifless Pass, which is reached from the well-known resort of Klosters.

A final Swiss suggestion, and one that will take you right off the beaten tourist track: it is to visit the Appenzell country in North-East Switzerland, where from Appenzell, a delectable little town as centre, you are within quite easy reach of the Seealpsee, a veritable gem among lakes.

ASCONA—A LAKESIDE RESORT OF THE TICINO: The town is a very old one, and parts of three of its castles and the chapel of the fourth are still standing. Like neighbouring Locarno, Ascona once had a brief period of notoriety when it became the centre for a back-to-Nature movement.

THE WATERS OF LAKE GARDA: The luxury resort of Gardone, popular in summer and winter alike, and for ever linked with the name of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian playwright. Lake Garda is the largest of all the Italian lakes.

The "Big Three" of the Italian lakes are Como, Maggiore and Garda. Each one has its staunch supporters claiming that it is the loveliest and the best. I love them all, for allied to their natural scenic beauty is their historic appeal. In addition, there are the smaller lakes of Orta, Idro and Iseo, and the small Italian portion of Lake Lugano, all of which offer a certain appeal to those who like to get off the usual tourist track.

Lake Garda, the largest of all the Italian lakes, the Lacus Benacus of the Romans, celebrated in Latin, Italian and German lore, is the meeting-place of three great provinces: Trentino, Venetia and Lombardy. On its western bank is Gardone, super-smart with luxury hotels and a popular winter resort because of its mild climate. It is here that you can visit the amazing villa and its surrounding grounds, which were laid out at vast expense by Gabriele d'Annunzio—Italian poet, playwright and soldier. One of the strangest exhibits is the upper part of the destroyer *Puglia*, the vessel he commanded when he laid claim to Fiume. Also of interest in this neighbourhood is the lakeside road, an amazing engineering feat which involved the construction of dozens of tunnels. It leads to Riva at the head of the lake, beyond which are the Dolomites, a wonderful district for excursions.

Riva appeals to me as being the most attractive resort on the lake, and it is surrounded by mountain peaks and glorious scenery. I also favour Malcesine on Lake Garda's eastern bank, where the Hotel Malcesine stands right on the waterfront. Then there is Sirminione, lying at the tip of a narrow peninsula which thrusts itself from the southern shore some three miles into the water. From this last-named place you are within easy reach of Verona, where during July and August operatic performances are given in the great Roman amphitheatre—a unique experience, for here the finest singers perform under the most perfect acoustic conditions. (Particulars from the Italian State Tourist Office, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1.)

Lake Como is undoubtedly the favourite Italian lake with British visitors, and merely to mention the names of such enchanting spots as Tremezzo and Cadenabia, Bellagio and Cernobbio will call up for many readers nostalgic memories of romantic holidays there. The ancient town of Como, capital of its province, makes an excellent centre from which to explore the lake and the surrounding country, while it also possesses a great cathedral built entirely of marble, which is one of the finest in Northern Italy.

The curious traveller will be interested to know that smuggling (with Switzerland) and silk manufacture are two important local industries, while at Mezzegra, in a country lane, you can see the spot where Mussolini and his lady friend, the Petacci, were shot. Two crosses on a wall mark the scene, to which come on pilgrimage quite a number of the late dictator's admirers.

Lastly, I bring you to Lake Maggiore, to me perhaps the most attractive of them all. Yet, if you asked me why, I might have difficulty in framing an adequate answer. Possibly I might say that the Borromean Islands are without a peer in their enchanting beauty; or that the mountain scenery as seen from Stresa or Baveno (a somewhat cheaper resort to-day for the British traveller) is supremely majestic—Pallanza, another popular resort, presents the mountain views from another angle; and I might even tell you that the curious little Umbrella Museum and the Alpine Garden, both high above Stresa, lure me to return. The little museum, which many visitors fail to see, is most interesting and amusing. Amongst a mass of unusual exhibits it contains a letter from Mr. Chamberlain regretting that he could not send them his famous umbrella which accompanied him on his appeasement tour!

Gordon Cooper.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

HOLDING A MIRROR TO RUSSIA

The Wife of a Former Ambassador Makes a Notable Contribution to Knowledge

TO be diplomatic connotes discretion, good manners, possibly charm and certainly subtlety, but being a writer or a reporter requires very different qualities or attributes, high among them, as R.L.S. said, exactness. The author of MIRROR TO RUSSIA (Country Life. 21s.) is the wife of the British Ambassador in Moscow from 1949 to 1951, and as a diplomat's wife was accorded special privileges for visiting out-of-the-way places and ancient buildings during her Russian stay. There is nothing exceptional in that situation; what does require comment is the exceptional use that Lady Kelly made of the opportunities, for this book gives the first full account of the state of many of Russia's historic buildings since the war, their contents and their architecture and decoration. Lady Kelly writes in detail of many of the monasteries, kremlins and churches that she visited and, with her son's help, photographed, but more vivid even than her descriptions, and giving the book its special atmosphere, is her enthusiasm and admiration for what she saw. This is not a book about modern Russia in the main; it is a book about some of those ancient monuments and houses that have survived Russia's modernism, written by someone who has added vitality to the arts of diplomacy.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE (Allen and Unwin. 18s.) keeps the reader in diplomatic circles, this time with more attention to protocol. Madame Elisabetta Cerruti had been a well-known Hungarian actress when she married the Italian Minister to the Chinese Government, in Peking in 1923. For the next twenty years Madame Cerruti went as ambassadress to Moscow, to Rio de Janeiro, to Berlin and Paris, and her book is an account not only of the moods of those places, but of the exacting but socially rich life that she, as a diplomat's wife, was required to live. The later chapters dealing with pre-war Berlin are undoubtedly the most interesting if only because it is in these that the writer expresses her prejudices most freely, quoting Shakespeare's "Thou elvish-mark'd abortive, rooting hog!" for Goebbels, and charging the Nazis with yet another crime, of spreading pestilential boredom throughout the land, and being, in matters of art and spirit, "provincial, banal and narrow-minded."

The controversy that raged in the United States last year with something of the fervour of the Dreyfus case, is dealt with at some length by Mr. Richard Rovere and Mr. Arthur Schlesinger, in THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT (Heinemann. 16s.). When Mr. Truman, as President of the United States, recalled General MacArthur from his commands in the Far East in April 1951, the General was already a legend to his fellow-countrymen and there were many among them who took his recall as if it were an outrage to their own persons. In the native idiom, MacArthur was a man who could run faster, jump farther, dive deeper, and come up drier than anybody. He was, in fact, a national hero, and the President's action was, to put it lightly, a shock to the nation. In this book the great debate is analysed, and the future of American foreign policy, so closely linked with it, is discussed by two writers well known in their own country as political commentators, well aware of the problems of Western Europe as of America's, and able to give us their views in a most readable form.

For nearly fifty years Viscount Simon's career has been so identified with one phase or another of our political life that his autobiography, RETROSPECT (Hutchinson. 25s.), is inevitably something of a history of the times as well as a personal record. Lord Simon was first returned to Parliament in 1906 as a Liberal, and spent some thirty years in the House of Commons before being elevated to the Woolsack, when, he says, he found the change to the House of Lords atmosphere "very surprising." In his various positions, for he has been Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Foreign Secretary, Lord Simon has served in the Governments of five Prime Ministers: Asquith, Ramsay MacDonald, Baldwin, Chamberlain and Churchill, and the scope and range of his memoirs is understandably wide.

The books of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell fall into no clearly defined category, and it is part of their charm that they should be so free from pigeon-holing.

AIRBORNE, 1908—A FLASHBACK TO THE EARLY DAYS OF FLYING: This photograph appears in *Those Impossible English* (George Weidenfield and Nicolson. 25s.), an anthology by Quentin Bell and Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, who have attempted to show through photography the changes in English life over the last 100 years. Mr. Gernsheim has selected many of the pictures from his own incomparable collection of early photographs.

CUPID AND THE JACARANDA (Macmillan. 24s.) is formed like a brilliant but unconventional bouquet from chapters on painting, on dancing, on the theatre, on architecture, on Marlow or on old Italian towns, on clothes and, quite exquisitely, on flowers. In time, the book goes back and forth, and 1915 follows 1947 with not the smallest shock, but with the arbitrary rightness of a sequence that happens in a dream. This book may not be for everybody, and, indeed, I think that few readers could undertake it without pauses for reflection, but in its way the rich embroidery of its tissue is enchanting.

THE MURDER OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (Faber. 21s.) is Mr. William McElwee's reconstruction, based on contemporary records, of a crime that was a *cause célèbre* in Stuart times, and in which the Countess of Essex of the day is said to have been the instigator. Sir Thomas was murdered in the Tower of London in 1613, and such a mass of transcribed evidence and other material survives from then, that the author has taken the wise course of adding nothing to his straightforward narrative, which indeed needs no fictional flourish to make it sensational.

Dr. Leslie Hotson gives the reader and the student a provocative subject for discussion in SHAKESPEARE'S MOTLEY (Hart-Davis. 21s.), a short book in which he traces the probability that a fool's motley was not a gaily patched and coloured garment, but, on the contrary, a long drab coat such as idiots of the period were given to wear. In the light of his supposition, Dr. Hotson writes of Shakespeare's own colleague, the actor who first created the roles of Touchstone, Feste and Lear's Fool, and who wrote himself about his fellow comedians in *Foole upon Foole, or Six Sortes of Sottes*, a title which has a charm of its own after 350 years. Altogether this little volume is as amusing as it is erudite.

And now for novels, of which the first is by that peripatetic writer, ex-waiter, present *raconteur* of past glories and present witticisms, Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans, who lives in the United States but forays forth from time to time to see how the old world is getting on and to record his impressions. HOW TO TRAVEL INCOGNITO (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is by no means a guide either to plain living or high thinking, and it could never be described as a travel guide. But it is quite entertaining, and is illustrated by some of the writer's sketches, the most evocative of which is on pages 54 and 55. How few of these affectionate books about Paris and its anxious aristocracy are written by Frenchmen nowadays; it is becoming a *genre* only for Americans—and Europeans.

THE JOY RIDE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is as English and as redolent of a Blackpool-ish seaside place as the Big Wheel or fried fish and chips in a paper. Mr. Allan Prior, a young writer whose second novel this is, suffers a little from a preoccupation with American idiom which made me place the action in Atlantic City for at least the first four or five pages, but apart from that he has most of the signs of a serious and noteworthy novelist. His story, in this instance, concerns a run-down journalist in a North Country town like Bl-ckp--l, whose income is lost on slow horses, together with all the money he can borrow, promote or cadge. He has a daughter, however, and she has painted an extraordinary picture which is exhibited in a sideshow. Up from London comes a bright young columnist on the track of the story, and from then on the action is dramatic, though never beyond human possibilities. A good novel, which may prove to southerners that there is a lot that is lovable in Lancashire.

There is no doubt that Mr. Gwyn Thomas "makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned," or that he demonstrates this talent in his new novel, NOW LEAD US HOME (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), but it is a sweetness that can cloy, even with the occasional lime sharpness of Mr. Thomas's wit. This new story is about the inhabitants of a Welsh village not far from which is a great castle bought by an American, and periodically lived in by him and his famous, golden-haired mistress. There is a parallel here which hardly needs pressing. When the millionaire owner closes a path through his woods the village calls a protest meeting, but after oceans of talk, some of it good, too, only three people turn up for the planned protest march, and one of them has come to look for fairies. Most of this is good fun but, again, for fairly small doses.

Mr. S. B. Hough has written an over-wordy novel on a topical theme: that of the scientist engaged on secret work in England who disappears to work for another power. MOMENT OF DECISION (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) should have been more exciting than it is if it had been more strictly pruned and if the verbiage, or foliage, had been stripped off to reveal the good, strong branches of what is an excellent plot.

THE HOLY SINNER (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) is Thomas Mann's latest novel, though it is not one which is likely to add very greatly to the lustre of his reputation. The theme is incest, and even if that were less reminiscent of sordid case-histories than it is, the telling of the story still remains turgid and heavy.

THE MARCH OF JOURNALISM

Harold Herd Surveys the Press

The history of journalism follows the pattern of most commercial enterprises, and to follow the trend from forthright individualism to mass production does not always make heartening reading. In THE MARCH OF JOURNALISM (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), Harold Herd, within the compass of about 350 pages, gives an outline of the main developments during three centuries, from the days when King and Parliament looked with unfriendly eyes upon the Fourth Estate, employing censorship, suppression and thuggery against those engaged in writing, printing, distributing news of, and comment on, public affairs, to these modern days when a foreign correspondent of a leading daily often enjoys a truly remarkable prestige. Mr. Herd's pages on Northcliffe and *The Times* tend to pale before the purple passages of Lord Beaverbrook on Northcliffe, which have lately been engaging the television public, but the author does succeed in showing the importance of Northcliffe on the technical side; for that bulldozing master of the Press had other qualities beyond a flair for the sensational. With regard to periodical journalism Mr. Herd has clearly found difficulty in covering the field in the space allotted. His chapter on "The Changing Magazine" is most revealing, however, as revealing and as sombre as a list of battle casualties when he surveys the fate of the fallen, the host of journals, once of formidable stature, which faded out in the 1930's.

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE Dr. Howard Bracey, Research Fellow in Social Studies at Bristol University, presented a portrait of a typical South Country town in Devizes, market town of Wiltshire, showing in detail the nature of its everyday life, its special problems in the modern world; pondering, indeed, upon the remaining extent of its effectiveness as a commercial and social focal-point, measuring it shrewdly against the realities of the day. In his latest book, SOCIAL PROVISION IN RURAL WILTSHIRE (Methuen. 21s.), Dr. Bracey takes a typical English rural county, bringing it beneath his searching scrutiny, ranging backwards 1,500 years across the centuries to the days of a first settlement pattern, looking forward into the future when high-speed transport may have exerted even greater influence upon the manners and customs of the countryside, surveying the present, which he affirms calls for drastic revision in local authority boundaries if existing imperfections in organisation are to find solution. Dr. Bracey has produced a fascinating study, and no doubt other counties will be eager to enlist his specialised services. His is a new science, and he is one of its few exponents.

Another volume of a regional character is R. H. Mottram's THE BROADS (Robert Hale. 18s.), which also has a special interest for SPHERE readers in that John May contributes an article to this week's issue on the very special problems of this great playground for yachtsmen. Both Mr. May and Mr. Mottram hold many views in common, most notably the urgent need for a Broads National Park, and both believe that this will come into being as a result of strongly-held views in the matter on the part of the general public. Mr. Mottram writes most entertainingly of the Broads past and present, and his own love of the region shines clear on every page.

In the series of County Books, now well on the way towards completion, DURHAM has been given the special privilege of occupying two volumes (Robert Hale; both at 18s.). Why this should be so is not quite clear, but the author, Sir Timothy Eden, has taken full advantage of his opportunity. He dwells in particular on the remarkable individuals who have given distinction to this small but virile northern county, and these personal aspects are, if anything, the outstanding feature of his work.

What exactly are semantics? Mr. S. I. Hakaywa perhaps provides the most satisfying answer in the title he has selected for his new volume, LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION (George Allen and Unwin. 18s.). His book is really a guide to accurate thinking, reading, listening and writing and, as he says, shows how men use words and words use men.

The Greenwich Edition of the works of C. S. Forester has a sure following. Each volume is published by Michael Joseph at 10s. 6d., and the three latest additions to the series are PAYMENT DEFERRED, which was first published in 1926, PLAIN MURDER (1930), and DEATH TO THE FRENCH (1933). *Payment Deferred* was Mr. Forester's first novel, written at the age of twenty-four, and was later dramatised and filmed, with Charles Laughton in the leading role. Beyond doubt Mr. Forester is one of the best of living story-tellers.

In MEET ME AT THE SAVOY (Museum Press. 17s. 6d.) Jean Nicol takes us behind the scenes of three of London's big hotels, the Savoy, Claridge's and the Berkeley. This is an intimate story, well told and full of details about the great, the near-great and the would-be great.

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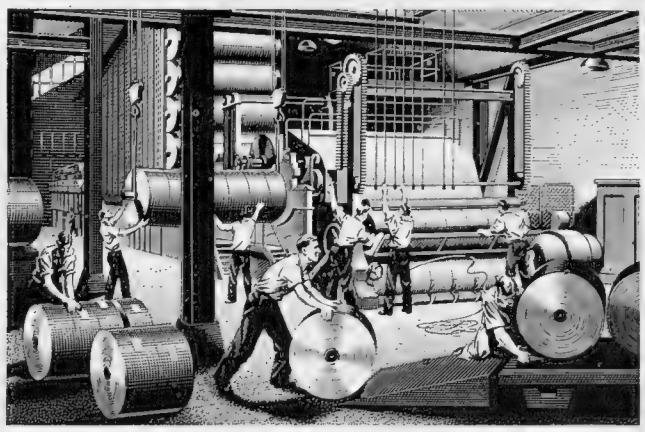

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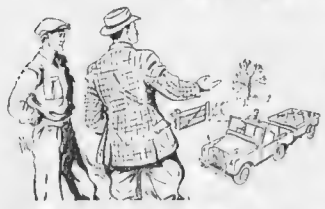

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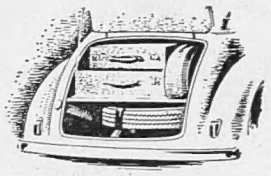

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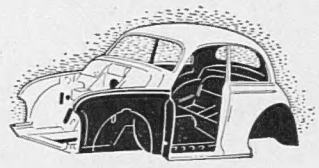

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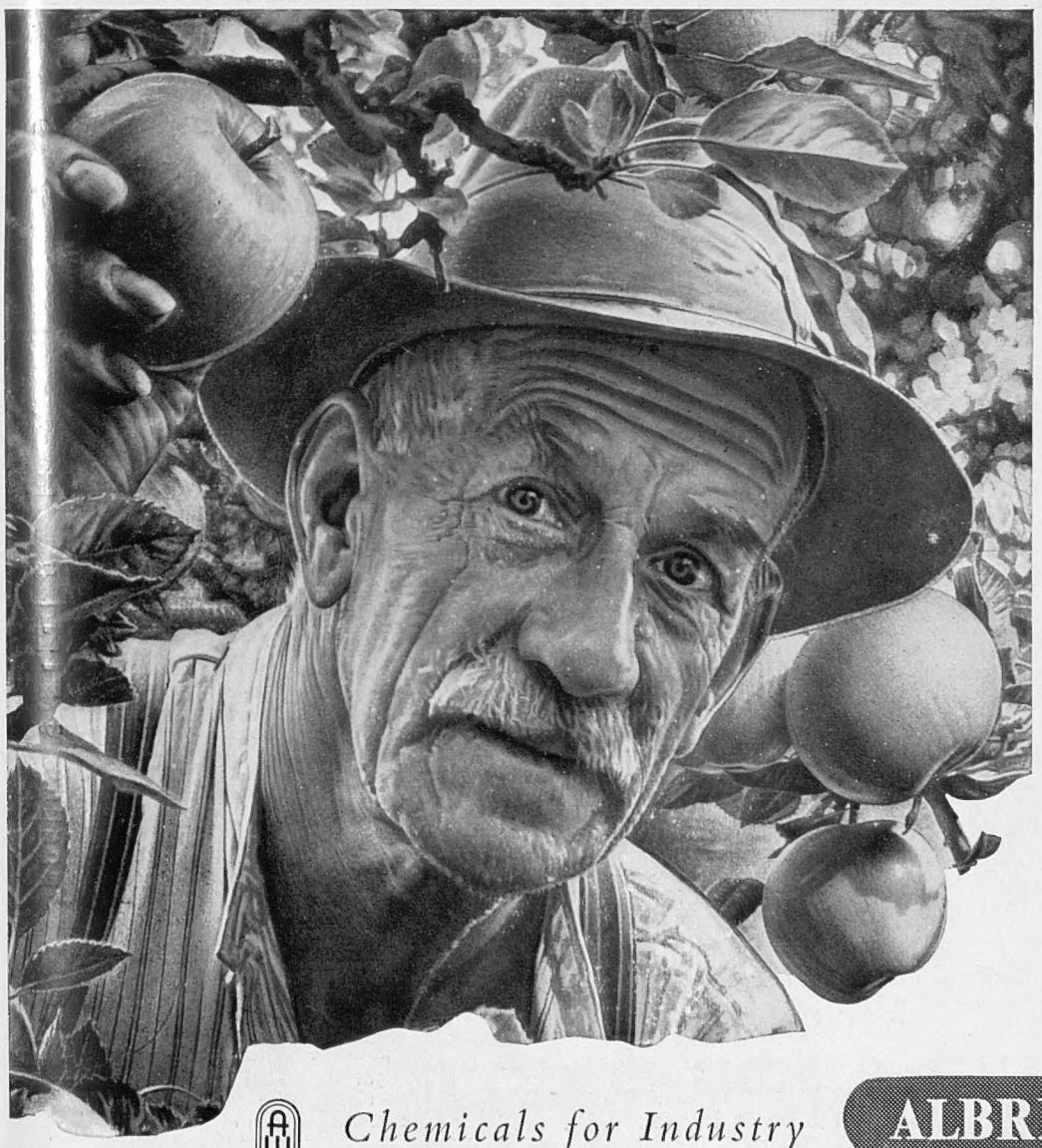

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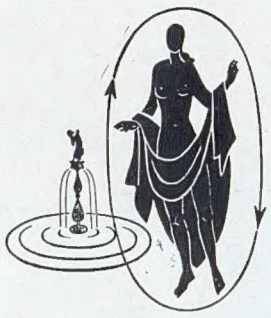

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